CATHEDRA

1941

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1941

PROLOGUE

We, the Class of 1941, pensively thumb the pages of the book of life that is not yet scarred by the trials and cares of bitter experience. . . . back to the year of its beginning, 1937. . . . Entering upon the compiling of our book with many items and notes loosely held together by threads of memory, we set about the task of producing from these . . . . a neat, coherent, and accurate volume of life whose contents would be tempered and polished by Catholic guidance and Catholic example. . . . It is, indeed, a delicate and tedious task . . . but he who will can accomplish. . . The tools are at hand: . . . . the ink, the types of print, the paper . . . . all have been set before us by God Himself that we may endite a most fair book. . . . Encouraging hands and hearts have shown us the beauty of the gold and silver . . . . as contrasted with the dross, . . . have indicated the possibilities, splendid and glorious, of the varied tints and shades of our lettering and illumination, . . . yet we and we alone shall choose . . . . the ones we will. . . . The quality, value, and potency of the completed work is in our hands, . . these busy hands of ours. . . . What have we taken, gold or dross? . . . garish color . . . . or beautiful and moderate tones? For we have selected the materials . . . . we wield the pen . . . . we shall bind the finished pages . . . . and it shall be our book in which we are to read . . . . for all eternity . . . . what our fingers have written. . . . This year of 1941 marks a pause in our progress . . . . a vantage point from which we may well review the pages so far completed. . . . Each one of us can read for himself . . . . as he turns the leaves; . . . each one can feel the eyes of the Master reading, reading . . . . silently commending or reproving. . . .

We offer you, our readers, a brief glimpse of some of our lighter and more interesting moods in our book of life here on the pages of our Class Book, the *Cathedra.*

Paul O'Neil, '41

CATHEDRA

Published by the

Students of the Senior Class

of the

CATHEDRAL HIGH SCHOOL

Boston, Massachusetts

Reverend

Harry M. O'Connor

Rector of Cathedral Parish

DEDIG

In Appreciation

The Class of '41 offer our appreciation to our beloved rector, the Reverend Harry M. O'Connor. It was four and a half years ago that Father took up his duties as director of our parish activities. His was the hand that lent us the books in which our research was accomplished and made possible the pleasant surroundings in which we pursued our work. And a sturdy hand it was, for the foundation we made will enable us to bring to a happy conclusion the story which is based upon our life.

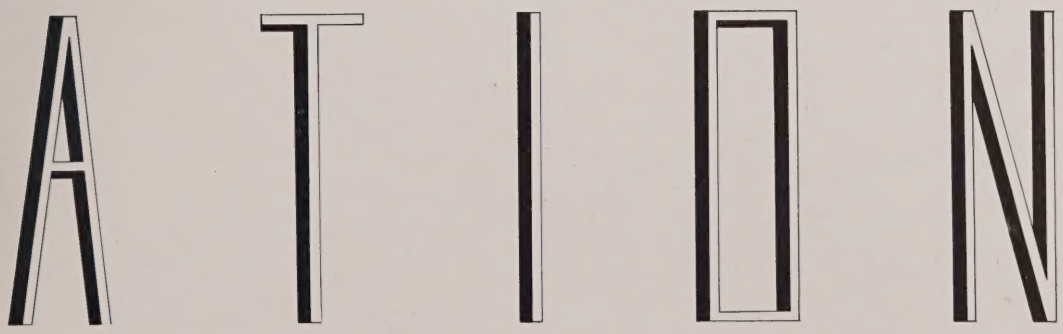
It would take many volumes to tell of the tasks he has accomplished, of the benefits he has bestowed upon us, and of the tiring hours he has spent in order that Cathedral might stand high in the world of high school standard.

We look up to you, Father O'Connor, with special pride, for we are the first class to complete the full four years of high school under your guidance as rector.

May Christ bless you in your work to come, and may He reward you for the deeds that you have done.

The Class of 1941

William McCormick



Loyalty

In olden days, Royalty was the proud prerogative of high and noble birth. Today, Royalty is but a passing shadow on the Stage of Life. In place of knights and kings, there marches a gallant, glorious, band chosen from every nation of the earth, upon whose hearts and lips and lives is emblazoned, – Loyalty. Grateful men and women have lavished the finest fruits of poetry and prose upon the memory of those bound to them by Loyalty, – an oft times stronger link than birth or blood. . . . Grateful nations have raised up priceless monuments in marble and in bronze to preserve the name and the example of loyal sons and daughters. . . . The Church yields its highest paeon of praise and victory to the Saints – God's most loyal subjects here on earth.

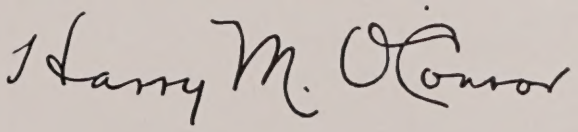
Loyalty is not a supernatural but a natural virtue, yet it offers a strong and sure foundation upon which to build, our altars of Sacrifice, of Patriotism, and of Eternal Love. It is not infallible, for it is sometimes mistaken, occasionally imprudent; but it is never scorned, despised, or hated. Never have the pages of history condemned a man for loyalty, even when the object of his loyalty was unworthy of his fealty or trust. God Himself has sworn that He will not be unmindful of His loyal children, though their years seem endless, and their journeyings lead to the ends of the earth.

In the long years that lie ahead, You, the Graduates, of 1941, will come to esteem and prize this virtue as wise men always have prized it. In the flush of generous youth it may not seem important or necessary, for Youth is confident, courageous, rash, sure of its unlimited future. . . . Time will shake that confidence, weaken that courage, and teach you the lesson that Youth must always learn. We cannot like the hermits of old live our lives alone, untouched in any way by others. Sooner or later we must depend, as we always have – in small things or great – on others. And when you find a constant, faithful friend who will not fail you in your hour of need – who will be loyal always – then count yourself rich and fortunate indeed.

To win loyalty you must first practice it. . . So we, the faculty of Cathedral High School, appeal to you, our latest graduates, for Loyalty; loyalty to God, to Church, to Country; loyalty to friends and loved ones; loyalty to our Cathedral and all that it so beautifully symbolizes. It is a heritage we give you, an investment that will pay precious dividends – but once squandered or abused – can with difficulty be redeemed.

Be loyal, then, to the high ideals that have been taught and exemplified for you by our Cathedral Sisters. Be loyal to the vows once made for you at the Baptismal Font and which you have renewed so frequently in life. Be loyal to the friends whom you have made here in Catedral High School. Above all, be loyal to the Friend of Friends to whom your eyes have ever turned as you lived here, within the shadow of the Holy Cross.

And now, Graduates of the Class of 1941, God guide you, God bless you, God be with you – till in Time and in Eternity – we meet again.



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CATHEDRAL HIGH

Class Officers

President: James May

Vice President: Eleanor Smith

Secretary: Eileen McCowan

Treasurer: William Nagle

President's Address

Classmates:

We stand on the threshold of the future; the world is open before us – a world that we have seen change from peace to war during our four years of high school life. This world which we are to encounter is full of even greater difficulties than formerly, for the very foundations of social life are undergoing alteration. We need have no fear, however, for we have been given the best possible weapon for the struggle; namely, Catholic philosophy. With the Catholic ideal of life ever in our minds, we shall be able to conquer a world of sin and sorrow.

War is horrible. We have war because people refuse to accept the Cross of Christ. But even if we had no war between nations, we should have a battle with the world of Satan which world we must overcome during all our future days with the love of Christ.

The Class of 1941 can never repay those who have sacrificed to make our education possible – our parents and the good sisters who have labored to mold our characters upon the beautiful character of Christ. May our future days show the fruit of their labors.

Our four years of high school have gone forever except in the palace of our memories. Many times as the years roll by shall we recall our days spent here at Cathedral High and our pleasant associations. These memories will act as an inspiration to us when the going becomes difficult and heaven seems almost too far away. The most ardent wish that I can express is this: that we shall all meet in heaven one day after a life spent vigorously and courageously for the glory of Christ.

James May, '41

ARTHUR PATRICK DOYLE

"Art'

61 Chapman Street, Charlestown

"Everything comes if a man will only wait."

Ambition: To be a Quiz Kid Birthday: November 9

Football 2, 3, 4; Intramural Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Honor Roll 1, 2; Choral Verse 2, 3; Dramatics 2, 3, 4; Manager of Social Committee; Class Will; Class President 3; Chester-Belloc Circle; Secretary of Kappa Gamma Kappa; Gerontius Club.

THOMAS McDERMOTT CAYIA

"Mac"

202 West Brookline Street

"It is the mind that makes the man."

Ambition: To be an Aviator. Birthday: July 3

Hockey 1, 2, 3; Year Book Staff

JAMES HUBERT CONNOLLY

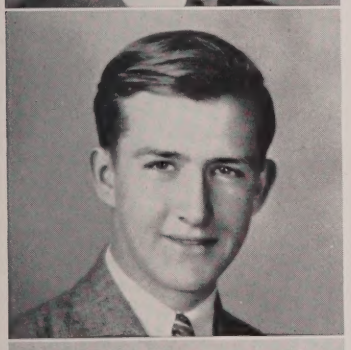
"Timmy"

46 Whitten Street, Dorchester

"I never met a man I didn't like."

Ambition: To marry an heiress Birthday: July 12

Class President 2; Social Committee; Dramatics; Chester-Belloc Circle; Gerontius Club; Aenaedae; Kappa Gamma Kappa



DONALD JOSEPH COVE

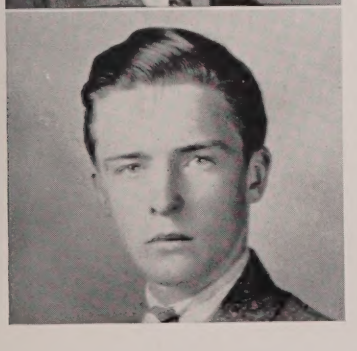
"Don"

18 Hamilton Street, Readville

"A poet could not but be gay in such jocund company."

Ambition: Professional Golfer Birthday: March 22

Football 2, 3, 4; Intramural Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Debating; Treasurer 2; Spelling Champion 4; Dramatics; Chester-Belloc Circle, Aeneadae, Kappa Gamma Kappa, Gerontius Club



JOHN PAUL CULHANE

"Cul"

64 O'Callaghan Way, South Boston

"One foot in the grave."

Ambition: Public Accountant Birthday: August 25

Orchestra 1; Football 4; Year Book Staff

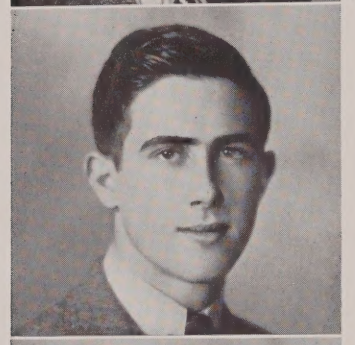
JOHN JOSEPH DEVINE

"Booter"

18 Prospect Street, Charlestown

"We cannot all be master."

Ambition: To get a driver's license Birthday: April 14
Football 4; Aeneadae Latin Club 4; President of the Kappa Gamma Kappa Club 4; Gerontius Club 4; Chester-Belloc Circle 4.



THOMAS TIMOTHY DONOVAN

"Tom"

128 West Brookline Street

"Thought is deeper than all speech."

Ambition: To be a Journalist Birthday: December 12
Football 2, 3, 4; Intramural Basketball 1, 2; Chester-Belloc Circle; Dramatics; Art Editor; L'Etoile Bleue 4; Geronius Club; Science Club 1; Kappa Gamma Kappa, Aeneadae

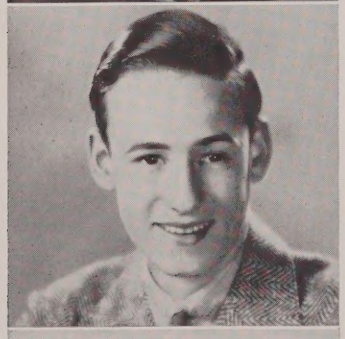
GEORGE FRANCIS HARTIGAN

"The Gipper"

26 Adams Street, Charlestown

"I light my candle from their torches."

Ambition: Aviation Birthday: June 21
Football 4; Basketball 4; Chester-Belloc Circle; Gerontius Club; Science Club 1; French Club 3



EDWARD PATRICK HORNE

"Pat"

88 East Newton Street

"A little wit goes a long way."

Ambition: To be a Reporter Birthday: March 9
Dramatics; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Journal Staff 3; French Club 3; Year Book Staff

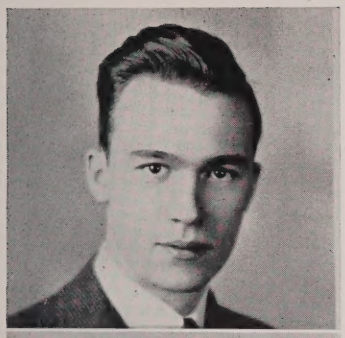
HAROLD JOSEPH MANLEY

"Hedgie"

1585 Washington Street

"None but himself could be his equal."

Ambition: To sing Birthday: September 8
Class Treaurer 3; Year Book Staff; Football 3; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4.



JAMES JOSEPH MAY

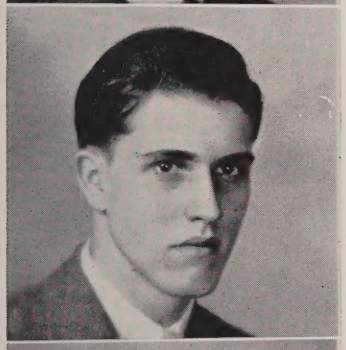
"Jim"

5 Hesston Terrace, Dorchester

"The power of thought – the magic of the mind."

Ambition: To have a good time Birthday: April 12

Dramatics: Debating; Chester-Belloc Circle; Class President; Junior Journal; Year Book Staff; Class Poet; Aeneadae



WILLIAM ROBERT McCORMICK

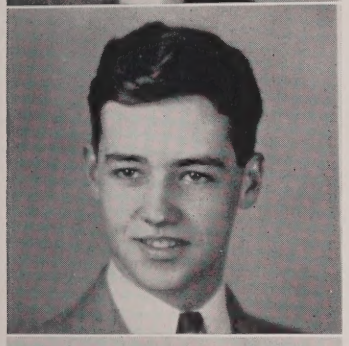
"Mac"

118 Union Park Street

"He was a man, take him for all in all."

Ambition: To be a sailor Birthday: May 22

Intramural Baseball 1, 2, 3; Football 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1; French Club 3; Year Book Staff



JOHN BERNARD MORAN

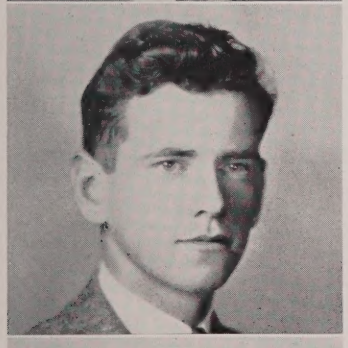
"J. B."

18 St. William Street, Dorchester

"The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

Ambition: To master the two-step Birthday: March 23

Intramural Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Chester-Belloc Circle; Gerontius Club; Honor Roll 1, 2; Year Book Staff; Kappa Gamma Kappa; Science Club 1; Dramatics; Aeneadae



RICHARD MARK MORRISSEY

"Dick"

17 Prospect Street, Charlestown

"I wear the chain I forged in life."

Ambition: Aviation Birthday: July 13

Chester-Belloc Circle; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1; French Club 3; Football 4; Basketball 4.

EUGENE JOSEPH MURPHY

"Geney"

11 Milford Street

"I'll take a word with this same learned Theban."

Ambition: Doctor or Lawyer Birthday: December 21

Football 3; Intramural Basketball 2, 3, 4; Dramatics; Debating; Chester-Belloc Circle, Honor Roll 1, 4; Literary Committee; Humor Editor; Kappa Gamma Kappa; Aeneadae

JOHN JOSEPH SEGADELLI

"Seggie"

39 Ashland Street, Arlington

"Take short views; hope for the best; and trust in God"

Ambition: Air Pilot Birthday: March 23

Football 4; Honor Roll 1; Intramural Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Debating 4; Kappa Gamma Kappa 4; French Club 3; Dramatics 4; Science Club 1; Year Book Staff; Aeneadae; Gerontius Club

WILLIAM PAUL NAGLE

"Bill'

52½ Washington street, Charlestown

"I only ask for information."

Ambition: To teach Shorthand Birthday: July 1

Football 2, 3, 4; Football Captain 4; Dramatics; Junior Journal; Year Book Staff; Class Treasurer 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 2; French Club 3

PAUL JOSEPH O'NEIL

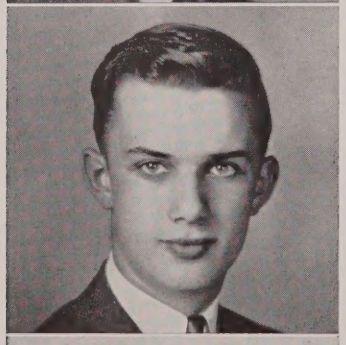
"Moe"

1 Lexington Square, East Boston

"A gentleman – virility and gentleness combined."

Ambition: To succeed Mr. Walsh Birthday: September 23

Year Book Staff; Debating 1, 4; Honor Roll 1, 2 3, 4; Football 4; Chester-Belloc Circle, Glee Club; Intramural Basketball 4; Gerontius Club; Science Club 1; L'Etoile Bleue 3; Kappa Gamma Club; President of Aeneadae 4



EMIL JOHN STRUG

"Emm"

50 Worcester Street

"Sing away sorrow, cast away cares"

Ambition: To own a Super-Buick Birthday: September 2

Intramurals 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Football 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Gerontius Club; Dramatics; Chester-Belloc Circle

JOHN RICHARD TANOUS

"Johnson"

109 East Brookline Street

"Hold the fort! I am coming."

Ambition: None Birthday: December 31

Dramatics; French Club 3; Year Book Staff; Glee Club

ELVIRA MARY ABUNDO

"Alva"

28 Emerald Street

"Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius."

Ambition: To be successful Birthday: August 25

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; L'Etoile Bleue; Chester-Belloc Circle; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Year Book Staff; Gerontius Club 4

MARY LOUISE ASHOOK

"May"

RIP 1959

106 East Brookline Street

"In all things she is very wise,
which shows you cannot judge by size."

Ambition: Court Stenographer Birthday: October 1

Glee Club; Junior Journal 3; Dramatics; Basketball 1; Senior Choir; Year Book Staff

EILEEN JULIE BEAUSANG

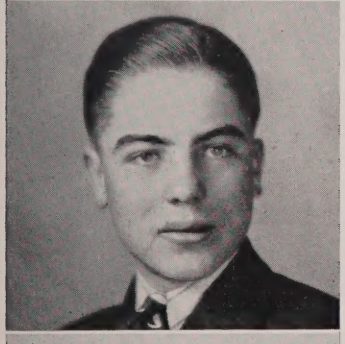
"Lil"

16 Pinckney Street

"Patience is the best remedy for every trouble."

Ambition: To be a nurse Birthday: October 12

Class Secretary 2; French Club 1; Science Club 1; Dramatics; Glee Club; Year Book Staff



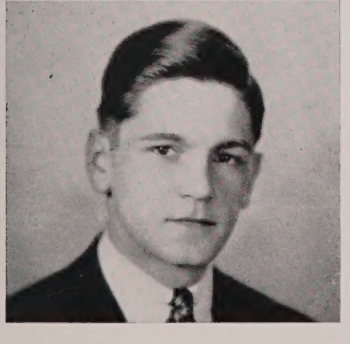
JAMES FRANCIS TRAVERS

"Shorty"

27 Doris Street, Dorchester

"Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind."

Intramurals 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Honor Roll 1; Gerontius Club; Chester-Belloc Circle; Dramatics; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Kappa Gamma Kappa 4; Science Club 1



LEO EDWARD WILLETT

"Stud"

193 West Newton Street

"Never a boy so willing, never a boy so kind."

Ambition: Teacher Birthday: December 12

Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; L'Etoile Bleue 4; Chester-Belloc Circle 4; Gerontius Club 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics 4; Year Book Staff; Aeneadae

MARY ELIZABETH CHAMBERLAND

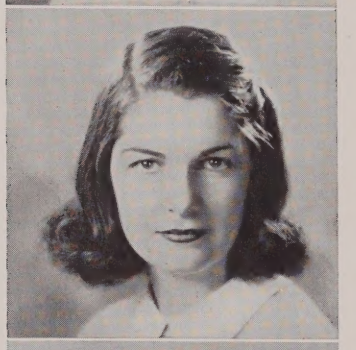
"Mae"

7 Rollins Street

"Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind."

Ambition: To be a Comptometrist Birthday: April 21

Junior Journal; Glee Club; Science Club 1; French Club 3; Year Book Staff



ANNE ELIZABETH CONROY

"Nancy"

21 Prescott Street, Charlestown

"Lovely to look at, delightful to know."

Ambition: Social Worker Birthday: July 26

Basketball 1; French Club; Science Club 1; Dramatics; Honor Roll 2; Dancing; Glee Club; Year Book Staff

MARGUERITE HELEN DRISCOLL

"Peggy"

176 West Canton Street

"Born with the gift of laughter."

Ambition: Legal Secretary Birthday: March 4

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1; French Club 3; Junior Journal Staff; Year Book Staff

FLORENCE EILEEN FARRELL

"Flo"

137 West Newton Street

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Ambition: To be a Swing Artist Birthday: October 1

Chester-Belloc Circle; Debating; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; L'Etoile Bleue 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Gerontius Club 4; Science Club 1; Year Book Staff

FERNANDA TERESA GUIDETTI

"Nan"

422 Tremont Street

"Though she be but little, she is powerful."

Ambition: To be a Dress Designer Birthday: April 3

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1; French Club 3; Dramatics 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Year Book Staff

MARY LOUISE JULIAN

"Ginger"

115 Norway Street

"Slowly she plods her weary way,
But she'll get her reward some day."

Ambition: Comptometrist Birthday: August 16
Dramatics 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Journal Staff 3; French Club 3; Year Book Staff

JOSEPHINE HANDY

"Jo"

12 James Street

"So much is the lady worth as she esteems herself."

Ambition: To be successful Birthday: April 10
Oratorical Contest 4; Social Committee 4; Basketball 1; Debating 3, 4; Dramatics 4; Honor Roll 1, 2; Chester-Belloc Circle; L'Etoile Bleue; Year Book Staff

DORIS FRANCES LOWE

"Dot"

375 Shawmut Avenue

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Ambition: To do something worthwhile Birthday: May 5
Dramatics 4; Library Student Council 4; Chester-Belloc Circle; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; L'Etoile Bleue; Debating; Junior Journal Staff 3; Gerontius Club; Aeneadae

CATHERINE MARGARET MAHONEY

"Kay"

55 Compton Street

"There is no great genius without a tincture of madness."

Ambition: To live in a white house Birthday: January 8
Dramatic 2, 4; Chester-Belloc Circle; Debating 4; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Cheer Leader 4; Gerontius Club; Vice-President 3; L'Etoile Bleue; Year Book Staff

MARY ESTHER MARTIN

"Billyboy"

27 Union Park Street

"She profits most who serves best."

Ambition: To visit the Honduras Birthday: January 11
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics 2, 4; French Club 3; Science Club 1; Junior Journal; Year Book Staff

EILEEN THERESA McCOWAN

"I"

34 Union Park Street

"A smile for all, a welcome glad,
a jovial winning way she had."

Ambition: Social Worker Birthday: September 23

Clsas Secretary 1, 4; Social Committee 4; Debating; Dramatics; Choral Verse; Orchestra; Glee Club

ELEANOR FRANCES MURRAY

"Elie"

57 Sharon Street

"Popular with one and all."

Ambition: To be of assistance Birthday: June 16

Vice-President 1, 4; Dramatics 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; L'Etoile Bleue; Chester--Belloc Circle; Cheer Leader 4; Honor Roll 2; Library Student Council 4; Class Historian; Chairman of Debates; Year Book Staff; Gerontius Club

ELVIRA BLANDINA PALMIERI

"Vera"

6 Florence Street

"Great thoughts come from the heart."

Ambition: To design clothes Birthday: January 17

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll 1, 2; Chester-Belloc Circle; L'Etoile Bleue; Year Book Staff

HELEN MARGARET POWELL

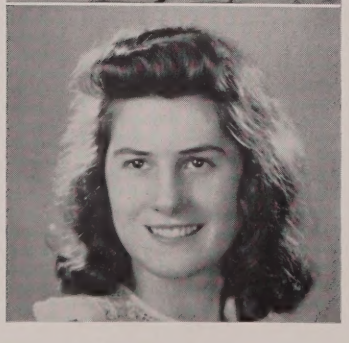
"Peg"

9 Emerald Street

"With all her beautous honours on her head."

Ambition: To win an argument from Flo Birthday: March 7

Dramatics 2, 4; Glee Club 4; L'Etoile Bleue; Chester-Belloc Circle; Cheer Leader 3, 4; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Class Historian; Gerontius Club



LORETTA CECILIA PERFETTI

"Lola"

4 Gasland Street

"It matters not what you are thought to be, but what you are."

Ambition: To be successful in life Birthday: August 11

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Honor Holl 1, 2; L'Etoile Bleue; Chester-Belloc Circle; Glee Club; Gerontius Club

ANNE MARY PRENDERGAST

"Penny"

45 East Brookline Street

"The world, dear Anne, is a strange affair."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Journal Staff 3; Science Club 1; French Club 3; Year Book Staff

MARY ELIZABETH RAFTERY

"May"

21 Gray Street

"A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit."

Vice President 2; French Club 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Journal Staff 3; Dramatics; Science Club 1; Year Book Staff

ELEANOR MARIE SMITH

"El"

"Sweet personality, full of rascality."

Ambition: Secretary to President Birthday: November 15

Honor Roll 3, 4; Oratorical Contest 4; Class Secretary 3; Dramatics; Science Club 1; French Club 3; Junior Journal Staff 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Year Book Staff

TERESA CHRISTINA SPRAGUE

"Terry"

12 Dartmouth Place

"None but herself can be her equal."

Ambition: To be a teacher Birthday: December 25

L'Etoile Bleue; Chester-Belloc Circle; Gerontius Club; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics 4; Library Students Council 3; Junior Journal Staff 3; Novena Auxiliary; Girls' Club 2, 3, 4; Girls' Choir 2, 3, 4; Secretary of Aeneadae 4; Year Book Staff

MARY VERONICA NEARY

"Charming girl with a lovable disposition."

Ambition: Nurse.

Girl's Club; Girl's Choir.

Class Song

Melody: "Sweet Genevieve"

A cherished thought within our hearts,
A golden chain of memory,
A smile, a tear, a laugh, a song.
We give for days no more to be:
From early morn to set of sun
Both grave and gay the hours have run,
And now with thoughts of you to cheer,
To you the Class of '41 sing

Chorus: *Melody*: "Blue Moon"

Farewell, farewell,
Dear old Cathedral High,
'Mid tears and laughter
We breathe our fond goodbye;
Now we're parting, starting our life anew,
Be this our promise: we will remember you.

Cathedral High, our memories pledge
Us to a loyalty and love
For truth and goodness ever sure
To lead at last to heaven above;
Be staunch our hearts in courage fair;
Be strong our lives in joy and care;
Be deep our faith and trust in God –
O Alma Mater, this is our prayer!

Class of 1941

Class Poem

I dreamed last night of life to be –
A whole in zeal and love;
The moon was darkened on the sea
And stars were bright above.
I hid behind a rock that night
While gentle waves ran on
A sandy beach in soft moonlight –
The peaceful calm has gone –

The flooding tide of fear does clash
Oh Cross of Christ, to clutch;
Save Thou a bending reed – with lash
With spear, with tearing thorn-crown touch;
Engrave deep down the will with strength
And build a mansion tall;
A graceful shape stamp Thou at length
Upon the soul Thou'dst call!

For the standing torrent of the sun,
The call of all the world
Bids come the soul, life just began;
But the purple night impearled
Hides darkness, hatred, and distrust,
Yet a star-crown in a ring
For the soul with the thirst of the desert dust
And the love of Eternal Spring!

James May, '41

The Senior Class

President
James May
Vice President
Eleanor Murray
Treasurer
William Nagle
Secretary
Eileen McCowan

The Junior Class

President
Thomas Higginbottom
Vice President
Dorothy McEnrue
Treasurer
James Ross
Secretary
Elizabeth Doyle

The Sophomore Class

President
Charles Miller
Vice President
Lorraine Lambert
Treasurer
Kenneth Durkee
Secretary
Mary Murray

The Freshman Class

President
Francis Carey
Vice President
Natalie Clark
Treasurer
John Higginbottom
Secretary
Dorothy Powell

The history and prophecy of the Class of 1941 have been written in the form of a story, a sort of novelette. For the sake of continuity and individuality two characters, a boy, Robert Craig, and a girl, Julie O'Day, have been presented as the typical students around whom is woven the story of our class.

Journey's Beginning

Novelette: Class History 1941

Julie took one last look in the mirror before her. She seemed satisfied with what she saw as who wouldn't be, with fair and perfect peachbloom skin, mischievous hazel eyes, soft brown hair that curled in just the right places, a perfect profile and a neat little figure in a rather fluttery dress? The perfect American schoolgirl. "Yes, mom, I'm ready now."

The air was soft and like a summer day, the sun sprinkling its yellow radiance through the mists that were slowly lifting from the roofs of greater Boston.

Julie O'Day walked down Union Park street with a gladness in her step and an air of excited expectancy. There was the Cathedral and over there on the other side of the street must be Cathedral High. Father O'Connor had said that Mass of the Holy Ghost would be at eight-twenty. She was in good time, thank goodness. She dropped her notebook, picked it up, brushed off the dust, and followed a group of boys and girls into the great Cathedral.

In the dim light were the kneeling figures of the Cathedral students; at the altar was Father O'Connor celebrating the Mass of the Holy Ghost . . . the great ceremony with which the schooldays of Cathedral are opened each year.

Julie prayed to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother that all would go well with her year at Cathedral High. Almost simultaneously she felt that all would be well, all must be well when school began with the blessing of God at Mass.

In the freshman classrooms within the brick walls of Cathedral High a lad was gazing out of the window thinking of nothing in particular, or possibly wishing that this were his senior year instead of his first one. Let us make the most of his quietude and notice his appearance. He is rtaher slim and of medium height with promise of muscle as he grows older. His skin is pink and white, his eyes blue and shining, his hair black and curling in soft waves from his white forehead. Just now his expression is one of pleasant seriousness, but we notice that his mouth and chin are firm and indicative of solid character.

Suddenly our hero seemed to spring into action; his face was no longer dreamy. A voice was saying that there would be a school dance next week.

Ronnie Craig rose to his feet and began walking down the aisle of desks.

"Would you like to be my partner at the dance next week?" He inquired in a shaky voice of Julie O'Day.

"I don't seem to be acquainted with you," remarked the young lady, and the hero returned to his place in utter gloom.

The night of the dance came. As Ronnie stood alone by the door watching the stately Seniors, the husky Juniors, and mighty Sophomores pass by, he learned a few steps of the new style of dancing, "Jitterbugging," defined by John Segadelli as "just throwing yourself around and hoping to meet your partner on the second bounce."

Ronnie found, as the days sped along, that in his class were such illustrious members as Arthur Boyle, the king of dancers; Josie Hardy, the multi-talented; John Devine, the silent (when no one was looking); Gene Murphy, the philological genius; Paul O'Neil, the brainy midget from East Boston; Donald Cove, the bashful gentleman from the Styx; Doris Lowe, the French enthusiast; George Hartigan, the laziest man in Charlestown; Flossie Farrell, the lightweight pianist; Jimmie Travers, the little Napoleon from Dorchester; Leo Willett, the meek and wise; Richard Morrissey, the second laziest man in Charlestown; Esther Martin, the prize-sniggerer; John Culhane, the boy with the waving hair; Eileen McCowan, the accordian girl; Jimmie Connolly, the sociable; Tommy Donovan, the silent genius; John Moran, the meek and mild; Mary Ashook, the girl with the dancing feet; Anne Prendergast with her ideas of independence; William Nagle, the small and weak; Edward Horne, the ambitious man; Elvira Abundo, with the sweet, mild manners; Helen Powell with the gift of repartee; John Segadelli, the boy with the feeble lungs; Emil Strug, the short and fat; Eleanor Murray, the girl with the attractive eye; Elvira Palmieri, the girl with the enticing smile; William McCormack, the boy with the calm exterior, Mary Chamberland, the world's champion giggler, Loretta Perfetti, the girl with the sweet, soft voice; Eleanor Smith, the champion commercial speedster; Fernanda Guidetti, the girl with the nimble brain; Eileen Beausang, the girl with the feeble looks and strong decision, Marguerite Driscoll, the world's best staller, Mary Rafferty, the gentle.

Taking thought about these members of his class, Ronnie decided that they would certainly "go places."

Christmas vacation and Easter came and went too rapidly for comment. It seemed that only a short time after Easter, the Seniors began airing their lungs in good earnest, bellowing what they thought was sweet graduation music.

"But don't forget," said Ronnie, "final exams!" These formidable things were met and conquered by the mighty midgets of the Freshman class, who were glad to lay their brains to rest after the terrific exertion of jumping out of the way of the Seniors and taking those exams, and launched into the great period of relaxation, the Summer Vacation.

Chapter II

Sophomore Year

"Golly, how time does fly," thought Ronnie. "Here I am already a sophomore, and school has been in session a month. Whew! Everyone seems to be the same; we have a new member, Teresa Sprague is the name, if I remember correctly."

Ronnie, in reminiscent mood, remembered that Father O'Connor had said the Mass of the Holy Ghost and begged God's blessing on the school year 1938-39. It seemed an incredibly short time ago! Then the haughty sophomores had proceeded to their classrooms – II A and II B.

"That isn't Jimmie Travers, is it?"Bill Nagle was saying in Ronnie's ear. "He was white last year."

Paul O'Neil came to the rescue. "No, he fell asleep on the beach and that's the result. Some tan, huh?"

During the morning a young man came into the classroom and was introduced to the class as Mr. Lawton, the newly appointed dramatic coach. He was to try out the pupils in order to pick those whom he considered blessed with ability in this field. Julie was first, and Ronnie's heart thudded madly at the mere sight of her. Finally, Catherine Mahoney, Helen Powell, Eileen McCowan, Ferdinand Lambert, Helen Agritha were chosen as good prospects. Several plays were immediately put under way as entertainment for Christmas.

"Why do we have to take so many books home?" questioned Ronnie who forgot that his difficulty was carrying Julie's as well as his own.

"Mm! . . . . That Julie is becoming more like a killer-diller every day," observed Thomas Donovan, always on the alert in every kind of affair.

It is near the end of October. Today the atmosphere of Cathedral High seems heavy.

"Speaking of Sleepy Hollow," essayed Eugene Murphy.

"Don't speak of it, Murph, this place beats it all hollow! Ah, nice pun," grinned Emil Strug, ducking a board eraser that came spinning from the doughty fist of Donald Cove.

"Who asked you to give punishment?"

"Hi, Julie!"

She appeared at the door of the lunch room.

"Hi, Gene."

"Pun my word, the puns are flying!" gulped Strug among the morsels of a sandwich.

"Ronnie's coming back next week." Julie told the group. "He feels awful 'bout missing the initiation last night, but he was too sick to come."

"Allow me to present Miss Julie O'Day, best detective after Sherlock Holmes," bellowed out Eugene.

"All right, Miss Smartie, I hope you don't get so high-hat often. It shows ignorance of my mental power and possibilities. Now let me explain to you feeble intellect the reason for my remarks. We've been wondering what was the matter with C. H. S. today and you ignorantly told us. See?"

"Yes, I see. Don't be so touchy."

"Julie, did you tell Ronnie all about the initiation? How all of us took our punishment?"

"How . . . ?"

"Yes, yes, you can be sure she did – you know how the modern girl talks – blah! blah!" roared John Segadelli suddenly barging in on the conversation.

"Oh, go home and get some sleep and then come to school with a better disposition," was Julie's parting remark.

Then, "Hi, Leo," as she perceived the graceful form of Willett heaving in sight.

The Hallowe'en dance came and went. Julie had been going about with Art Boyle, Leo Willett, John Segadelli, and Bill Nagle.

"Gosh! It's got so now that when I take her to a movie, we have a couple of escorts with us. I'm getting pretty tired of it, and some day I'm going to lay down the law!"

But that day was far off.

While the sturdy sophomores battled the tasks of homework, the days sped by. Came Christmas vacation.

"Vacation, ah vacation," said little Eleanor Murray, "is a time when fun is prevalent and brain work is definitely set aside."

So the days of vacation went and again ushered in the days of school – tiresome or happy as the individual made them. This little group of boys and girls did not weaken, for they knew that they would and could succeed. Days of intensive study, of nothing new . . . and then. . . . .

The Valentine Day dance. . . . Amid the gaiety and frolic of that evening, there was just one person away in a corner, digging his nose into a book. Upon that topic Bill McCormick asked a question.

"Gee, why is John Tanous always studying so hard and keeping so quiet?"

During this time, Ronnie was playing around with Mary Chamberland and Eleanor Smith and incidentally, getting great satisfaction from the rather jealous looks that Julie cast in the girls' direction.

"Ha," grinned our hero, "I'll fix her yet!"

Day by day Ronnie became more and more the hero of Cathedral High, but of all the girls, Julie still stood out as his ideal.

The new clothes at Easter were the brightest things at Cathedral from the days after that feast until time for the Senior Prom.

The seniors now began that series of lessons in vocal culture that eventually become recognizable as the graduation music.

"Sounds as musical as the Fats Walla," remarked the jitterbug Emil Strug.

Two weeks before the great event Ronnie met Julie . . . . and asked her to go to the Prom with him.

"Why, Mr. Craig," drawled Julie, "don't tell me that you found time to ask me – and, by the way, why me? Surely, with your social prominence, you could have your pick of the girls!"

"But . . . I'd much rather take you. Aw, Julie, come on, please make up. What's the use of always being at dagger's points every time we meet?"

"No, thank you. I've already been asked by Hedgie Manley and I prefer his company."

Right then and there Ronnie made up his mind that he would invite Elvira Abundo, have a marvelous time, and the next time he would speak to Julie O'Day, she would be growing yellow grass.

The Prom went by . . . . Ronnie enjoyed it . . . . yes, but he had never seen Julie enjoy any dance quite so much . . . . a little too much for his comfort, he thought.

The remaining school days passed swiftly . . . . except the days of exams.

The last day came. The students bade one another goodby, thinking not so much of the separation as of the glorious days of summer freedom . . . school was over. . .

Chapter III

Junior Year

Lady Rumor had been extra busy with her well-oiled tongue. The air at Cathedral was blue with remarks. . . .

"Why did I ever use a Latin trot? Why didn't I do my own translation?"

"Junior year," said Rumor, "is the toughest."

Possessed by the fear of difficulties and by another fear as well, small knots of pupils buzzed incessantly here and there. Signs of panic were visible.

"Five whole minutes are added to each period!" wailed the chorus of over-ambitious Juniors.

"Imagine, this extra five minutes will add about fifteen hours a year to our school time," growled George Hartigan en route to Latin Class.

Cautiously, at first, the new Juniors trod the stairs to the top of Cathedral High to which exalted position, their dignity and learning entitled them.

And strangest of the strange, I suppose because of their extraordinary brilliance, the Class of '41 succeeded in getting through most of the year without bumps.

At Mr. McCarthy's call for "some boys to play sports," the Juniors brought forward such he-men as Boyle, Nagle, Willett, and Manley.

"Oh boy!" said John Devine, the Cicero of the class, "we're the publishers of the Junior Journal this year."

"So what?" replied Jimmie Travers, "if you could write a simple sentence, we'd get you elected editor-in-chief of this popular publication."

John Tanous our oldtimer remarked that all this was said in fun, that "these children are always squabbling."

Upon hearing this statement, Gene Murphy, the class comedian, could not repress one of his bearish growls of unsophisticated laughter.

Well, the Junior Journal did come out, two numbers The preceeding sentence should have been in a whisper.

Meanwhile, Julie O'Day and Ronnie Craig were like windmills, always going around in circles; one minute friends, the next enemies. In fact, there was so much to do that the time went before anyone was aware of it.

Various incidents occurred only parts of which could be put in print for such wholesale consumption as a year book gets.

Florence Farrell and Catherine Mahoney tired of this world of study, shut themselves into a clothes closet and while there, indulged in confiscated lunch.

I suggest that a committee ask Loretta Perfetti, Elvira Palmieri, Josephine Handy, and Kay Mahoney what kind of lunches cannot be safely done away with between periods? Suggested answers are oranges and peanuts.

Owing to a weakening of the mind near the advent of Spring, Loretta and Elvira, having the "gooches", cut up many paper dolls. Bad sign, cutting up.

School days soon faded. Just before the Christmas holidays, Julie and Ronnie definitely parted ways. It happened like this.

"I thought you were going to meet me to go to a show," said Ronnie.

"I couldn't make it," Julie replied in a slightly uninterested tone. "I had to go some place else."

"Well, then, you go anywhere else you want, but without me. I'm through."

And then came the vacation.

(How such times skate by on electrified steel.) And school—the last half – began.

Much work was done on the famous Chemistry Exhibit that came in April. It was a success. The Junior chemists gladly showed interested persons all about secret writing, candle making, distilling, dyeing, and fifty other things.

During this time, Julie and Ronnie were not speaking. Plans were going forward in the Junior rooms for one last dance. Ronnie mulled over the idea of inviting Julie and contracted a severe headache as a result while that fair lady was deciding between Leo Willett and Thomas Donovan.

At times, it is true, Julie wished that Ronnie and she were friends, for after all, as she said, "He has the nicest black curly hair and rosy cheeks and his eyes – well, all I can say is that they actually shoot sparks of mischief."

The dance was set for June.

Josie Handy wrote a pen which will elucidate the general Junior idea about it.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the dance we threw in our Junior year.
'Twas the best ever thrown in Cathedral High
And the memory of it will never die;
In hiring a band we took a chance,
But it turned out to be a remarkable dance:
We actually kept the boys on the floor
'Till 12 o'clock not one left the door –
Ah, I could sing its praises forever,
But to lengthen this poem is quite an endeavor,
So, I'll close now with that memory dear
Of the dance we threw in our Junior year.

To make matters more interesting, Ronnie and Julie made up – how no one knows – and went to the dance together – and seemed to enjoy it greatly. (That's putting it mildly.)

At about that time everyone was beginning to realize the wonderful ability of Teresa Sprague to sell chances. Was it her sweet western Massachusetts accent that endeared her to those whom she met and caused them to buy?

A civil war had started in Junior A, too, with all the boys contesting for the hand, heart, and lovely red curls of Teresa. The field narrowed down toward the end of the year – exhaustion is reported to have been the cause – to two, Paul O'Neil and Arthur. Who would take the lovely Tess to the Prom? Alas, no one did! She spurned all offers. Her heart is yet unconquered.

Do you remember that Keith Academy versus Cathedral game of basketball? It was nerve-shattering, ear-splitting, and spine-curling, but wasn't it a good game! And do you recall the series of games which our team won on the road to the victory in the Catholic League? Oh – the tournament!

"Don't speak of it!" groaned Josie Handy.

"Ooooh!" wailed Catherine Mahoney," we lost by one point in the last

minute to play! But we were proud of our team, a wonderful one, none ever better!"

As the year drew to a close, new developments were occuring in the class of '41. Sweet Kay Mahoney began to say "Yeh! um-m" in answer to every question. Paul O'Neil acquired that tantalizing drawl and ability to make biting remarks most provocative of retaliation. At the same time, Teresa showed a marked aversion for Paul. Doris Lowe displayed a special interest in dancing – with Arthur Boyle. Richard Morrissey showed budding signs of casting off the traits of infancy. Arthur Boyle got fatter. Eugene Murphy became attached to big words and especially those famous ones of his: "ignorant" and "degenerate". Jimmie May, our latest acquisition, became the argument-settler. Josie Handy burst into poetry. Helen Powell became quiet. Loretta and Elvira developed a silly streak. Florence fell into flesh. Emil Strug developed more legs and a sense of humor; Jimmie Travers a bass voice. Esther Martin got the giggles, Mary Chamberland the sniggers, Marguerite Driscoll an efficient system of eye-rolling. Tanous added a few pounds to his already unexercised person. John Culhane got thinner on doing less work. To name all of the accomplishments that began to be manifested by this illustrious class would be too long, but the few I have mentioned will aid you to form some shadowy idea of their greatness.

When the Senior Prom was over and the sounds of graduation preparation were on the air, dreaming became an all-important factor in the class of '41. Their thoughts turned so greatly to the senior year to come that final exams were on them before they knew it, had passed into oblivion, and the class were Seniors on June 16, 1940.

Chapter IV

Senior Year

It was September, 1940. The class of '41 began to look around to check up on its members who were present at the Mass of the Holy Ghost said once more by their beloved Rector, Father O'Connor. Ah yes, there was James Travers, the tall, John Moran, the dauntless, John Divine, the gallant, John Culhane, the natty among their classmates. The class of '41 was no longer in the category of "underdog"; no, now it was the ruler, the top twelve inches. How they laughed at the tiny Freshmen, grinned at the self-conscious Sophomores, displayed an air of slight condescension to the Juniors, and turned to themselves deciding once and for all that there was nobody like them in the universe.

Ronnie had been trying vainly before Mass, during the filing to the school and to the auditorium to catch a glimpse of Julie. He was reprimanded by a voice behind him. On turning around he saw a new face.

"Huh! I wonder who he is!" thought Ronnie.

But at that moment his attention was arrested by what Father O'Connor was saying to the assembled students. Three sisters were on the staff at Cathedral: Sister Nativitas, Sister Joanita, and Sister Eamon to take the places of Sister Claire, Sister Elenara and Sister Tarcisius.

"Hope the Senior one's nice" observed Ronnie to himself as did about forty-three other students to themselves. Later, they were to find that Sister proved to be one of the best-loved teachers.

"Well, observed," Elvira Palmieri to Loretta, "we still have the little man with the jokes."

"Who?" asked Theresa Sprague.

"Tanous," called C. Mahoney.

Time passed quickly until the end of September when rehearsal began for the presentation by the students of "Once In a Blue Moon". And were those happy days? Ask any Senior. Little Eleanor Murray was sweet as the leading lady and played well with Jimmie May, the dashing young hero.

During this season, too, the Seniors held the initiation party for the Freshmen at which the newcomers proved to be worthy beginners in such a school as Cathedral.

For a while fun and frolic were set aside that the class might settle down to the task of electing officers worthy of the illustrious members. James May was given the honor of being Class President; Eleanor Murray was chosen Vice President; Eileen McCowan and William Nagle were elected Secretary and Treasurer respectively.

School went on, and then was momentarily forced out of its general route by Thanksgiving vacation, the Grand Penny Sale on December 12, and the Senior Dance.

Ronnie was then deep in meditation over what to give Julie for Christmas. He finally decided upon a locket which he duly presented on Christmas Day.

The vacation days were here again – the Christmas holidays. The first semester was over. Half of the last year had gone, but the Class of '41 was tired with its many and strenuous activities and welcomed the much-needed rest.

"Gee, isn't she pretty," sighed John Moran, as vacation days over, he awaited from the security of the radiator at the end of the top floor hall.

"Who?" demanded Donald Cove.

"Oh, his heart-throb, Eleanor," replied Richard Morrissey before John could speak.

"Well," sighed Eileen Beausang, "here's school again at our feet; we just have to pick it up and bear it."

"That's all right," Eleanor Smith remarked, "we won't have to go to school much longer."

"No," said Fernanda Guidetti – and then they all fell to thinking silently, a very unusual thing for the Senior Class to do.

Then, before anyone realized it, February had come and brought with it the Senior Dance, one of Cathedral's biggest social events.

Ronnie and Julie were very friendly, so everyone was waiting for another blowup. And it came.

Sure enough, a few days after the dance, Ronnie and Julie came to the parting of the ways for surely the "last" time. And the reason was the fellow with the big voice who had told Ronnie to keep quiet that first day of school.

One day Ronnie happened along to school at the same time as Julie. Having extra courage or perhaps Spring fever, he caught up with her and began,

"Julie, would you like to go to the Prom with me, or have you someone else in mind?"

"Ronnie Craig, you must have a lot of false courage to ask me such a thing after the way you talked to Jimmie May."

"Well, I had a right to, didn't I? It was my date and if he was lonely, he could have got himself someone else. I'd like to see another fellow do something different!"

"I won't go to the Prom with you, Mr. Craig, and please refrain from speaking to me in the future!"

"Okay, Lady Astor, if that's the way you feel about it, it's perfectly all right with me."

"You don't seem very disappointed?"

"Why, am I supposed to be?"

So Julie walked away with an angry sniff.

Days passed swiftly. The operetta the "Mikado" turned out very creditably. Wasn't Nanky Poo delightfully played by Paul O'Neil and wasn't Helen Powell charming as Yum Yum?

School was practically at an end. Was it not strange that the Seniors now were going around with a stoop to their shoulders and with dreamy looks in their eyes? Maybe if you had asked them why, they would have told you that in these last two months of school, they were trying to relive all the fun that they had had at Cathedral High. They felt certain that never could they recapture many of the golden hours of school days. But they have gathered a wealth of memories that will not die. Before we have our last will read, as a special gift to the pupils who still can enjoy high school days, the Class of '41 leaves a bit of advice:

"Don't let these days of your high school career pass as nothing. Fill them with memories of joy and laughter. Make the best of them. Let them be like our memories that will live on and brighten you in some dark hour of your life – such sacred memories that here, at the end of our light hearted Class history, we find that we cannot jest."

Helen Powell, '41
Josephine Handy, '41
Edward Horne, '41

Difference

I thought, when I was small,
I could be any old thing at all,
When I grew up and was a man:
To sit and smoke,
And read and joke,
But time has changed my plan –
Today, you see, I am a man.

James May, '41

The Class Will

1941

We, the talented members of the Class of 1941, being of good health and supposedly free from mental defects, do hereby endow, bequeath, bestow, give away, grant, present, and will to our successors, and especially the Class of '42, all our worldly possessions making void all former wills and testaments.

Special Bequests

First: To Father O'Connor:
Besides our best wishes, we, the Seniors, leave a technician to keep the music box in repair for Monday morning assembly.

Second: To Mr. Walsh:
We leave our history books and hope that he will be the Cathedral historian for many more years.

Third: To Mr. Costello and Mr. McCarthy respectively:
We leave a new Adams hat and our cancelled life insurance policies which we took out during football season.

Fourth: To Charlie:
We leave our warmest thanks for keeping the school together in spite of us.

Fifth: Arthur Boyle leaves his heft and brawn and his dancing feet to James Matroni.

Sixth: James Connolly leaves his spelling ability to Robert Garrett.

Seventh: Donald Cove leaves two car checks to Charlie Miller so he can balance his budget.

Eighth: John Devine leaves his famous odes to any Junior poet as an inspiration.

Ninth: Thomas Donovan leaves the timekeeper's job, which was handed down to him by Paul McGann, to William O'Brien.

Tenth: George Hartigan leaves his dish-washing ability to anyone who knows the secret of Rinso.

Eleventh: James May leaves his suspenders so that some Junior may have them to snap for inspiration.

Twelfth: John Moran leaves his electric razor to Francis Mawn.

Thirteenth: Richard Morrissey leaves his swiftness and agility to Robert Garrett.

Fourteenth: Eugene Murphy leaves his complete vocabulary and especially the words "degenerate" and "ignorant" to Ferdinand Lambert.

Fifteenth: Paul O'Neil endows a worthy successor with his intellectual brilliance.

Sixteenth: John Segadelli leaves his crude voice to Leo Barry.

Seventeenth: Emil Strug leaves his ability to coach forward passes to Joe Collett.

Eighteenth: James Travers leaves the managerial duties of all sports to John Baniewich.

Nineteenth: Leo Willett leaves his proficiency in French to some worthy Junior.

Twentieth: John Culhane leaves that faraway look which is always on the clock to Joseph Foley.

Twenty-first: Edward Horne leaves his jovial personality and monthly check to some lazy Junior.

Twenty-second: Harold Manley leaves his height to John Baniewich.

Twenty-third: William McCormick leaves his twinkletoes to George Hellen.

Twenty-fourth: William Nagle leaves his coats with the padded shoulders to Theodore Kostigan.

Twenty-fifth: John Tanous leaves the school – he can't believe it himself.

Twenty-sixth: Thomas Cayia leaves the title of "New Student" to any freshman that appreciates it.

Twenty-seventh: Mary Ashook leaves her dancing shoes to Mary Mitchell.

Twenty-eight: Eileen Beausang leaves her quiet unassuming ways to Eileen Driscoll.

Twenty-ninth: Mary Chamberland leaves her beautiful golden voice to Anna Kowalski.

Thirtieth: Anne Conroy leaves her stately walk to Dorothy McEnrue.

Thirty-first: Marguerite Driscoll leaves her giggle to Dorothy Morrissey.

Thirty-second: Fernanda Guidetti leaves her conscienciousness to Patricia Mulrean.

Thirty-third: Mary Julian leaves her lovely auburn locks to Grace Sprague.

Thirty-fourth: Esther Martin leaves her bursts of hilarity to Elizabeth Huggins.

Thirty-fifth: Eileen McCowan leaves her accordian to Aileen Dillon.

Thirty-sixth: Anne Prendergast leaves her look of conscious superiority to Barbara Sutton.

Thirty-seventh: Mary Raftery leaves her love of dancing to Constance Cleary.

Thirty-eighth: Eleanor Smith leaves her sweet personality to Mary Wong.

Thirty-ninth: Elvira Abundo leaves her quiet efficiency to Rema Abraham.

Fortieth: Florence Farrell leaves the key to the piano to Betty Fitzgerald.

Forty-first: Josephine Handy leaves her red knee socks to Rosina Cecchini.

Forty-second: Doris Lowe leaves ability at translating Latin to Elizabeth Doyle.

Forty-third: Catherine Mahoney leaves the title of number one sports rooter to Mary Canzano.

Forty-fourth: Eleanor Murray leaves John Moran still hoping.

Forty-fifth: Elvira Palmieri leaves inseparable friendship to Barbara Sutton.

Forty-sixth: Loretta Perfetti leaves inseparable friendship to Dorothy Morrissey.

Forty-seventh: Helen Powell leaves the title of glamour girl to Theresa Killoran.

Forty-eighth: Teresa Sprague leaves her ability at selling tickets to Helen Morash.

General Bequests

First: To the Sisters:
We leave our heart-felt gratitude for the many hours of labor they have given us while we have been gaining our knowledge.

Second: To the Freshmen:
We leave three hard years of work and study and 1650 hours of home labor.

Third: To the Sophomores:
We leave the stairs which they will now have to climb if they make the grade as Juniors.

Fourth: To the Juniors:
We leave our cherished name "Senior" and our tremendous prestige.

Sixth: To the South End:
We leave our glorious presence as a shining example to its future daughters and sons.

In testimony hereof, we now set and affix our seal on this day of June One Thousand Nine Hundred and Forty-One.

Arthur Boyle '41
Thomas Cayia '41

The Things I Love

This world holds many dear and pleasant things
For me to see, to ponder on, and love,
And best of all, I love what nature brings:
The bright blue sky, serene, arched high above.

I love the scented vines that cover a wall,
But often do I crave a lovely spot
Where I can marvel at a waterfall,
And feast to my heart's content my sweetest thought.

I love an infant's dimpled, winning smiles
As I look into his little angel face;
To harken to his darling baby wiles
As he returns sweet looks with beaming grace.

I love soft music's melodious offerings,
Its haunting tunes that play within my heart
With sounds of harp and dainty violin strings –
These things shall always hold a place apart.

But added to these time-bound, earthly loves
I come now to my greatest loves of all –
God and His Kingdom, Paradise above,
And last, not least, all those whom "friend" I call.

Elvira Abundo, '41

Class Prophecy

We shall leave our class for the short span of ten years and then renew our acquaintance with it.

It is the year 1951 and the class of 1941 are having their annual Alumni Dance. Our class is assembled in the ballroom of the Hotel Union Park located in Cathedral Square. It is early in the evening and the celebration is just at its beginning.

Let us view the scene with Ronnie Craig and Julie O'Day, two mythical members of the class of '41. They were the first to arrive after John Segadelli, of course, for he has always had a habit of being in plenty of time. Naturally enough, he acquired this habit in high school. John's ability to solve problems has earned for him the position of Private Secretary to J. P. Morgan.

"Bill" McCormick and his Jumpin' Jivers are furnishing the music for this affair. Bill, also a Cathedral alumnus, has gone a long way since the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers has provided ample opportunity for all two-bit bands to show their talent. Swinging for the "Jivers" is that pretty little miss from the little red school house, Mary Chamberland. Mary is quite a songbird, and it's sweet memory to recall her debut in that great hit, "Once in a Blue Moon". Incidentally, Mary has one steady admirer, the wealthy philanthropist, Jim May. Jim has made contributions to Cathedral including new drinking faucets, and better Latin books with the English translation at the bottom of the page, which are his own inventions. As a pastime, Jim devotes himself to self-expression in English poetry, and in scientific exploration in Africa.

Leading the festivities as master of ceremonies is that sturdy young coach of the Charlestown Boy's Club, Bill Nagle. Bill was always admired for his potentialities in the coaching field. But who is that clinging to his arm? Careful observation discovers that it is no other than the world famous model of nursery rhyme characters, Mary Ashook.

Oh, but cast a glance over yonder. Swinging to the "Jivers" are our friends Julie O'Day and Ronnie Craig. Remember, the dancing lessons we used to have and how Julie and Ronnie would count back to make sure they were to be partners? Oh, those were certainly the good old days. But now, let's switch and turn the spotlight on some of the celebrities here. Up near the hall door, we catch Mary Raftery, the bachelor girl, entering on the arm of a tall blond. Mary is now head comptometrist at the Manley Embroidery, Inc. Right behind them enters Fernanda Guidetti, a very lovely lady with a very handsome fellow. Fern is planning to enter the convent early next September, for she feels that she has accomplished her good out in the world.

Another couple has arrived and Ronnie tells us it is none other than Dick Morrissey, the wealthy banker, who gazes lovingly at his wife, Teresa Sprague, who gave up her career to become his partner. She was destined to be another Martha Raye.

A sound of sirens and loud cheers breaks the tranquility of the ballroom. "It is Governor-Elect Murphy", cries an excited onlooker. "Gene" as we know him, enters the ballroom with top hat and cane, not forgetting his quiet and mannerly disposition which he acquired while at Cathedral. With him is his modest wife, Elvira Palmieri, who together with Loretta Perfetti,

has reached great heights in the world of music. They are now playing in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Governor-Elect Murphy rejects the limelight, however, to be with his sweet wife. Entering are Eileen McCowan and John Culhane. Eileen has gone on to be a social worker and has been very successful in this field. Anyone that knows Eileen personally, knows that she is not only a social worker but also a slave worker. Any further information will be gladly divulged. Well, to get on with the story, J. J. Culhane, the well-dressed man-about-town, is president of the Slickum Hair Tonic Corporation. Recently, he was chosen vice-president of the International Situation Club. This gathering becomes even more influential when Anne Prendergast, Penny to her friends, enters into the conversation. Anne discusses her work on the campaigning on "The Rights of Our American Women". Penny, as we remember, was a strong advocate of this while at Cathedral. Once in a while, when she can be spared from her many duties, Josie Handy, the world's brightest woman, helps to prove that women are right as well as left.

Master of Ceremonies, Bill Nagle, now introduces the "Swingeroos", a trio of three gentlemen singers with the "Jivers"; namely, Eddie Horne, the casanova from South of the Border; John Devine, the blond bombshell of the West, and John Tanous, the swing troubadour of the South End. Incidentally, John has been considering a contract offered by Benny, to substitute for Rochester, end man.

Remember the music box Cathedral had? Well, the illustrious school now has to its credit, a new R. C. A. This machine was a contribution of Don Cove, who is quite a well-known figure in the Lost and Found Department. Don conducts an agency of guides who will show anyone around the suburbs of Boston. If you are lost in the suburbs, call them up and you will be hunted. Well, as I was beginning to say, over where this new machine stands, lingers our petite alumna, Eleanor Smith. Eleanor is private secretary

to Mr. John "Slickum" Culhane. Talking with Eleanor between dances, we find Anne Conroy. Anne has been voted the "Rhumba Queen" by Yale, and "The Morning After Glamor" by Harvard. Oh, what a girl.

Eileen Beausang, famed American skater, has also gained recognition from our colleges, for Notre Dame has voted her America's Sweetest Girl.

Our talented master of ceremonies is now calling for "A fifteen minute intermission, please" during which time sandwich leftovers from one of the sandwich sales will be distributed if all will form a straight line.

During the brief intermission, our beloved rector, Father O'Connor, delivers to us an inspiring talk which tends to soften the hearts of those whose hearts may be hard. Father continues, and the tears settle in his eyes, and the heaviness of his voice clearly shows his anxiety at not being able to bring the class of '41 back to the dear old Alma Mater.

"Never," says Father, "was there a class whose ingenuity, loyalty, strict silence, perseverence or scholastic record ever surpassed that of the class of '41. It is with deep sincerity that I ask them to return to Cathedral, to their sisters, and continue to set that good example to all underclassmen." Ahem, ahem. Tears settle in the eyes of all around, even Doris Lowe's. Doris was always a hard man. Maybe, this is the reason she's been so successful in the field of politics. Doris was quite successful in the last election; she lost it only by 32,000 votes. Keep it up, Doris, you'll ge there eventually. And when you do, don't forget your old friends.

Intermission is now over, and the music begins. What a dance! What a gathering! Did you ever see so many celebrities in all your life? It just goes to show that when Cathedral puts forth men and women, it puts forth the best, the very best.

Making her way to the stage to lend her aid to this party, is the talented pianist of the New York Philharmonic, Flossie Farrell. Flossie plays also for the Boogie Woogie Woogies, over the national network.

Whirling around the floor, is the first lady of the Navy, Mary Julian. Mary started as stenographer and later, because of her pleasing personality, she won the hearts of many and was raised to mascot and first lady. Trailing not far behind, is Peggy Driscoll. Peggy is the devoted wife of Mr. Bum Plumber. Peggy believed in filling every minute, and she certainly is with her job. She is the charming mother of four bouncing babies. Nice going, Peggy. Peggy seems quite excited when she glances at a newspaper and

reads the LOVELORN COLUMN by Helen Powell and Catherine Mahoney. This is some amazing information, but we all know that they are quite informed in this field. Over in the corner linger Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boyle, who are engaged in a lucrative school of dancing. Mrs. Boyle was the former Eleanor Murray. After intermission, many of the men remain in the smoking room. While there, Ronnie meets none other than Hedgie Manley, and is greatly enlightened by him. He learns that Hedgie is leading the National League in games won and lost. This is his fifth year with the Boston Bees. During the winter, he helps Coach McCarthy with his heavy basketball duties at Cathedral. Incidentally, Cathedral has never had a basketball team that could equal the 1941 club.

Ronnie tells that in a recent visit to the Cathedral library, he noticed another picture in addition to the $10,000 masterpiece by Woodbury. This one is a $20,000 masterpiece, by Thomas Donovan of the Class of 1941. The painting is entitled "The Ideal Student". John Moran also was preesnt; he is the owner of the largest shaving-cream company in America. He composed the solution himself, since it was the only thing that would rid him of his wiry beard.

Immediately after John, Josie Handy came in upon the arm of her husband, Jimmie Travers, who has won the title of the World's Greatest Lover.

The low hum of conversation comes to a quick stop at the entrance of George Hartigan and Leo Willett.

"Well, if it isn't old 'Tombstone' Willett himself!" cries the louder voice. "What are you doing for a living?"

"As I live and breathe, if it isn't George Hartigan," says Willett. "I'm still in the undertaking business. It's all right, but its too strenuous and noisy for a fellow like me."

George says, "Do you remember in school when I began collecting Latin Trots, or were you awake long enough to notice?"

"Yes, I recall, but I never had any necessity to use them."

"Say, Leo," says George, "did you hear about Jim Connolly? Now he is Father Jim Connolly, missionary on an unknown South Sea Island. He was given his choice and he preferred this rather than to teach school in the South End."

Everything simmers to a slow drone of conversation. In some lengthy interviews with friends and former classmates, Ronnie learns that Paul O'Neil has succeeded Admiral Byrd as foremost explorer of America. He found it

was the only way to escape the advances of the weaker sex. He was always a woman hater, and spent most of his time in regions either too hot or too cold for a woman to exist. Thomas Cayia, as we knew him, is now Admiral Cayia of the U. S. S. Emil Strug, which was recently dedicated in honor of Emil Strug, who is the greatest underground engineer of this period. He began his underground operations with his teeth while playing football for Cathedral High School, during the memorable season of 1940.

What is this news that's going around? Class of '41 is invited to put on a play just for old times' sake?

"Yes, we'll all sign up," hurriedly agreed Anne Conroy, who had starred in '41's last dramatic endeavor, 'The Mikado'.

"We're going to charter the Boston Opera House and produce the funniest play ever written. It is America's hit for 1951, and is by Esther Martin of '41."

Pencils flew, much conversation ensued, and the class of '41 did not leave the hotel ballroom until ten o'clock the following morning. When they finally did decide to go, the cast had been picked and a copy of the play given to each member. The date for the rehearsals had been settled upon, and with surprise, the boys of the class discovered that, in their excitement, they had even forgotten to eat.

While the class is having its special breakfast in the Hotel Union Park, I shall submit to you the cast of characters in Miss Martin's play.

"The Gay '41's"

A. Boyle – *Iben Injail*
J. Connolly – *Father Spellright*
D. Cove – *Hayseed Snert*
J. Devine – *Mr. Nasalface*
T. Donovan – *Prof. Goo Goo Eyes*
G. Hartigan – *Iben Snoopin*
E. Murphy – *Sir High Wit*
R. Morrissey – *Lord I. C. Charlestown*
J. Moran – *Icort Elly*
J. Segadelli – *Signor Vivavoce*
P. O'Neil – *Mr. Hymarx*
E. Strug – *Mr. Lenthylegs*
J. Travers – *Mr. B. A. Stubbs*
L. Willett – *Mr. Sam Nambulist*
H. Manley – *Mr. Lemefat*
J. Culhane – *Mr. Matchwell*
E. Horne – *Mr. Snatchthrow*
W. McCormick – *Mr. Hesa Pest*

H. Powell – *Miss N. Link*
F. Farrell – *Miss Pie Anna Music*
A. Conroy – *Miss Ima Debu Tramp*
E. McGowan – *Miss Havenus*
C. Mahoney – *Miss Lovenutty*
J. Handy – *Miss Hi Tower*
E. Smith – *Miss Best Typist*
M. Ashook – *I'mso Short*
F. Guidetti – *I'mquite Short*
D. Lowe – *Miss Linguist*
M. Chamberland – *Miss High Voice*
T. Sprague – *Miss Sprout*
M. Raftery – *Miss I Loveto Dance*
E. Martin – *Miss Martinique*
M. Driscoll – *Miss Fran Lynch*
E. Palmieri, L. Perfetti, E. Abunda } *Three Enchanting Sisters*

W. Nagle – *Mr. Dingwell*
J. Tanous – *Mr. Plenney*
T. Cayia – *Mr. Nuboy*
J. May – *Mr. H. I. Larity*

A. Braynes

A. Prendergast, E. Beausang, M. Julian } *Three Inseparable Sisters*

* * * * *

It is the year 2001. A large aeroplane bus has just drawn up before a large mansion in Newton Highlands. The driver has jumped out and run to open the side door from which a man descends with hesitating step. Something about the face seems very familiar. Who can this wealthy old gentleman be? It is someone whom we knew very well once upon a time —— Well, for goodness sake, it is Arthur Boyle, the dancer who held audiences enthralled forty years ago. Late in the 1960's, he and his little wife Eleanor retired on the great fortune that they had made by their career. The driver of the car hands Mr. Boyle a crutch and a cane by the aid of which the old man makes his painful way to the mansion steps.

Across the front of the magnificent residence is a marble slab bearing the inscription: "The Segadelli Memorial Mansion, built in 1965 to the memory of his loved friend and admirer, John Segadelli, by ex-Mayor James J. May". After reading such a sign, is it peculiar that one who knew both of these men should wonder what on earth the great institution was for? Since I have left the operation of my business to my eldest son, I have taken an extended vacation at the South Pole and hence know little of what has happened during the last twenty years. I must hasten to satisfy my curiosity. Going to the side of Mr. Boyle, I held out my hand saying,

"Well, Boyle, I'm glad to see you after all these years."

The poor old gentleman was so affected at seeing an old classmate of his, that he borrowed my pocket handkerchief to wipe his eyes, and then addressed me.

"Donald, old fellow, where have you been keeping yourself? You've come just in time to find out a great deal of information about the class of '41. You see, here in this building are a goodly number of our class, the boys, you know."

"Why, what sort of institution is it?"

"Don't tell me that you don't know the most magnificent clubhouse that has ever been built! My sakes, my sakes! Of course, only incurables are allowed to be members."

"Great heavens," thought I, "don't tell me that a large number of our classmates have reached their dotage or have gone insane." But I was relieved of further worry on this score when Art went on to say,

"Yeah, you remember how fond Jim was of philosophical discussion. Well, after some years of very intense living in various parts of the globe, Jim decided that he would publish a letter in the paper just to find out how many men in his native Botson were persisting in being philosophers and who had, therefore, refused to succumb to the general thoughtlessness of the times. Just think, thirty-four years after graduation, most of the members of our class belonged to that category of Bostonians. It was a very high tribute to the calibre of our brains, was it not? Then, Jim, being encouraged by the replies to his letter, gave a small portion of his money to build this house as a gathering-place for the persons who were so like-minded."

As he finished the last words, he rang a bell which was promptly

answered by a man who seemed to be at least a hundred years old. Boyle looked at me rather expectantly, I thought, but I was at a loss to know why until the old man said in a very squeaky voice,

"Cove, don't you know me?" I looked hard and then had to be told that it was John Tanous, who had been given the position of doorkeeper, since he could not be admitted into the club because he couldn't exert himself sufficiently to think at all, and was therefore, not fully entitled to full membership.

We went into the foyer which was decorated much as a great hunter's lodge. About the room, in various attitudes, I discovered the following members of the '41.

Thomas Donovan, the painter, who had made his millions at the point of a brush; thrice-elected Governor Murphy, still with that whimsical smile and carrying a new Murphy Dictionary purporting to be the only book that included unpronounceable words from all languages; John Moran, whose life had been blighted by the loss of Eleanor to Art Boyle – the years had, however, assuaged his grief to the extent that he could see Boyle come into the clubroom without bursting into tears; Emil Strug, who had won the reputation of being the longest legged man in America; James Travers, whose girth had long ago surpassed the measure of his height; John Culhane, who made his final million on manufacturing wigs without cowlicks; Edward Horne, who made his little wad on paper doilies; William McCormick, who plays in the club orchestra when his rheumatism was not too painful, and Thomas Cayia, retired Admiral who still walked with a seaman's gait. As I went around the group reintroducing myself to my old classmates, I checked off the names in my year book. When at last I came to the end of the row of acquaintances, I noticed that there were some names that still remained unchecked. Where could Jimmie Connolly be, I thought.

"Oh, Jimmie! Haven't you heard about Jimmie?" asked Travers. "He is our first real martyr. About ten years ago, he was demolished by the cannibals in the South Seas. I said our first real martyr because we've had a martyr of another sort in our class, too. Yes, John Segadelli met a horrible end trying to teach English to the classes in the South End."

"Well, that certainly is news," I answered thoughtfully.

"There is still some more news," went on Boyle sadly, "Hartigan, Morrissey and Devine also are resting in the shade of the willow. They were offered a job and such was the urgency with which it impressed their minds that they actually got up enough courage to have a thought on the subject. . . . Well, the effort was too great and the three passed away very suddenly of heart failure."

"So these three perished from the effect of their one good deed," I said. "But there are still three of the boys to be accounted for."

"Yes, that's true. Harold Manley and Bill Nagle, after playing at athletics for some years, have gone to California and are now raising the world's largest lemons. One lemon makes a hogshead of lemonade. We use their brand here all of the time. Now, here comes the biggest surprise of your life. . . . all but one, which I am holding in reserve. . . . Paul O'Neil has become a hermit in the Sahara desert. And talk about personal influence, the old chap has changed the face of his part of the earth. By a process

known only to him, he has been able to squeeze water out of the desert sands and refrigerate it. He has planted so many palm trees around his hut that in the shade of the trees, it is as dark as midnight. There by the illumination of his newly invented moonlight lamp, Paul reads the literatures of the world and writes his world-famous reports and his books on every subject. Leo Willet had one foot in the grave, as you remember. Well, one day somebody dropped a banana peel near him, he slipped on it, and landed in the last resting place. 'Ah, a good long rest at last', sighed Leo as he settled comfortably on the soft loam and breathed his last."

At this point in the story, both Art and I were weeping so hard that Tanous brought two large wooden buckets that we might cry in peace.

"It seems that the story of our class is really a short one," I sobbed.

"Yes," boo-hooed Arthur, "but wait until you hear the story of the girls."

"Oh, that's true, I almost forgot the little dears."

With that, Arthur looked at me dumbly. It was not until a few moments had passed, however, that I realized that my wife was standing beside me with a particularly woe-begone facial expression.

"Oh, Esther, dear," I wailed, "I forgot for once that you belonged to the class of '41." Her smile immediately returned, and I knew that my wife's next play would be about a man who forgot the age of his wife.

"Tell us, then, what has happend to the girls of our class."

"You know," said Esther, "that Teresa Sprague received all her husband's wealth upon his death and that now she is the richest woman in the world. Her philanthrophy is unbounded. Elvira Palmieri and Loretta Perfetti have retired from the concert platform to spend their time in bringing up Elvira's beautiful family of fifteen youngsters. They are models, a joy to all who teach them. This is due not only to the excellent upbringing given them by their mother and adopted aunt, but also to their very careful father, Governor Murphy, who learned all the tricks that can be known and was able effectively to forestall anything of that nature. The only accident that has befallen this devoted family is that of the near tragedy of one of the fourth set of twins who was partially absorbed by a dictionary. The only way that the Gov. could get him out was to promise to give him the biggest word in the world. An invention made by Josie Handy, the world's greatest thinker, prevented the child from absolute destruction by a repetition of absorption. Marguerite Driscoll is now Mrs. Francis Lynch. Eileen McGowan, Anne Prendergast, Eileen Beausang, Mary Neary, Mary Julian and Mary Raftery have bought one of the islands in the South Seas where they spend most of their time. Once or twice a year, they come to Boston and New York to shop. Mary Chamberland, after ascertaining that Jimmie May had decided to marry only his thoughts, consented to be the bride of William McCormick. Florence Farrell, Anne Conroy and Eleanor Smith have been working together for years. They have one of the greatest concerns in the world for the production of dance music; Florence does the melodies, Anne tries them out and writes the sentiment, and Eleanor does all of the typing and music setting. Catherine Mahoney and Helen Powell spent years in giving advice to the lovelorn and finally accepted their own advice and married men who were members of our class — John Moran and Emil Strug."

"Yes, I've heard of and seen those girls from time to time during the

past years, but what of the others?" I asked looking inquiringly at Boyle.

"Why am I always detailed to tell the saddest news?" blubbered Arthur. "Mary Ashook died of high blood pressure while dancing. Fernanda's last letter to Eleanor Smith caused Eleanor to renounce the world and follow in the footsteps of that classmate who had set such an example of holiness for forty years as a nun. Doris Lowe is the only old maid in the class. She teaches languages at Cathedral High every time that the Sisters who have charge are too exhausted to carry on their work. She has been thinking of giving up her work, though, because her strength is giving out. Elvira Abundo is living now among the purple hills of New York in a luxurious mansion where she sees her five grandchildren grow into the image and likeness of their grandfather, Thomas Donovan."

When Art stopped, I heaved a sigh, thinking of the varied careers of our clasmates. Suddenly a thought struck me.

"Let's", I said, "go on a tour and visit each of the members of our class in turn that we may renew once more our happy days."

"A good idea," said Boyle, "but my wife is not strong enough just now, and I find it rather hard to get around with this cane and crutch; so supposing you and Esther go and send me radio reports from each of our old friends."

"All right, we'll do it," announced Esther. "Come, Donald."

"But before we go, my dearest, let us spend a jolly evening with all the boys and girls of '41 whom we can get together tonight. Let us tell them our plan. Maybe some of them would like to go with us."

"Oh, Donnie, you do think of the sweetest things," my wife answered. And Arthur, Esther and I turned and went into the Segadelli Institute, hopelessly incurable philosophers.

Esther Martin '41
Donald Cove '41

A Stroll

I strolled along a lonely trail
Which wound around rough hill and dale,

When a wondrous sight I chanced to see –
The sun arose behind a tree,

It glistened on the morning dew,
It flooded the sky a clear bright blue;

It dimmed the star above the hill,
And shone upon the lake so still;

It turned the lake that had been gray
To a golden pool both bright and gay:

Then came a loving thought to me
Of Him who made sun, star, and sea.

Emil Strug '41

Valedictory

America for Peace

While the world is at war, we pray for peace. While the countries of Europe are laying one another desolate, while families are being torn apart, cities and towns wiped out, we of the United States raise our hands in supplication to God that our land may be at peace, that our homes may be spared the horrors of war.

America entered the first World war that, by her assistance, all war should be terminated. Enthusiasm ran high; our part in the war was a mission, we felt. Then came victory and the Treaty of Versailles. It is commonly known that that treaty brought no lasting peace. In fact, it brought no peace at all. Beneath its deceivingly calm exterior, as General Foch predicted, there lay from the first the "seed of new war". The nations were soon to be in an even more deadly Second World War. Did war end war? No! Shall war ever end war? Again, no!

Pope Benedict XV ascended the Apostolic Throne in 1914, "with far-seeing eye and continual consciousness of his sublime duties." Three times during his pontificate as Shepherd of the Nations he addressed "to the rulers of warring nations a plea that in the name of Christianity and humanity," they put an end to their carnage. Repeatedly he reminded them of their duty, constantly he gave a Christlike example of peace and charity, so that "even the bitterest enemies of the Papacy were forced to admit his truly magnanimous peace policy." In 1920, Benedict XV sent out his famous Peace Encyclical which did so much to break down the barriers of hate that divided the nations. But the leaders of those nations continually turned away from the messages of the Pope, persistently remained deaf to the Voice of the Vicar of Christ.

It would have been well had they listened, for the Pope's Peace plan had been drawn up by one of the great minds of the time, by a man who knew history, who knew hardship, and who knew human nature. Repeatedly the Holy Father asked, pleaded, begged for Peace – not that pseudo-peace which comes as the aftermath of disabling force, not that misnamed peace that is the result of exhausted resources, but the peace that is based solidly on the principles of justice and charity – the only lasting peace, the only peace worthy of the name.

It would have been well had the world listened to the Voice of the Pope. But the world did not listen. And now the agonized nations are embroiled in another war.

And now every American is asking the question: What is America's part in the world of today? We pray that it is peace. We pray that our part shall be to set the example that shall prove to the world that only peace can engender peace. We have seen, the world has seen, that the seeds of war have germinated and have borne their natural fruit – war. Then, common sense, sincerity, and patriotism demand that we who are not at war should sow the seeds of peace. America's greatest contribution to world peace should be the proof that peace is more profitable than war.

How shall America prove this contention. First of all, her citizens must

pause a moment in their daily hurry and read with undivided attention her Declaration of Independence, her Constitution, her First President's words of wisdom in his Farewell Address. There will they find that America was placed under the protection of God. There they will find the names, the thoughts of their greatest men from all religious denominations who knew that only with the blessing of God could a nation remain a democracy and a democracy remain at peace.

Then, let our citizens look around them and notice that according to a recent census, seventy-three per cent of our people do not practice any religion whatsoever. God has been proclaimed a myth suitable now not even to frighten children into obedience. The paganism of the twentieth century has eaten into the souls of our people. And what does that mean to America? Turn the pages of history and see the path of destruction that paganism has always left in its wake. Pagan Rome, pagan Greece, pagan France — shall future generations read at the end of that list, pagan America?

The first exertion for peace, then, is this: Let America bring God back among His people; for people without God are slaves, and slavery is incompatible with democracy.

We know that this idea is not new. We are well aware that educators, even those not of our religious beliefs, are advocating the teaching of religion to children as an antidote to the wave of crime that has swept across the country. Rousseau's ideas have steadily been losing ground of late years among those who must deal with American youth in the classroom and upon the playground. Paganism is a destructive influence; let us destroy it. This should be America's contribution to peace.

Exactly here, too, is the part of America's loyal Catholic sons and daughters. We who amid confusion and unbelief have retained the truth of Christ's teaching, must awaken America to her danger. We must make her aware of her precarious situation. And we can do this chiefly in two ways: First, by living our lives in strict consonance with our Catholic principles, and second, by praying for our country.

We can find daily, hourly opportunity for fulfilling our parts in the first way: wherever our ability or our circumstances place us, there shall we discover our trust. In every kind of life, in all occupations, true Catholic living demands that a common man be "something of a saint and something of a hero". Such is the necessity, "if a noble and civilized democracy is to subsist." It is not an easy assignment; no weakling can fulfill it: it takes courage and strength, stability and grace to live a life of truly Catholic faith, hope, and charity. America must have strong citizens, if she is to survive.

And how shall we meet our second manner of securing peace? The world of today will not listen to common sense, to logic; it finds even example difficult to follow; but prayer it will not be able to withstand. We Catholics must join wholeheartedly in humble, sincere supplication to God that the world be brought back to peace, that America be preserved in peace.

Our Holy Father Pope Pius XII pleads with us to pray with him for the restoration of world peace. On May twentieth of this year, he sent out a letter to the pastors of the world in which he said:

> The designs of God are hidden from us, but we are certain that, although innumerable and grave offenses call down avenging justice of heaven,

the Lord is, nevertheless, the Father of Mercies and the God of all Comfort. And we know that His love and benevolence for us is boundless. But there is still another reason for our trust and hope, for we have at the throne of Almighty God the most amiable Mother of God and Our Mother, who, through her all-powerful intercession, can certainly obtain for us all favors that she asks of Him. Let us, then, place ourselves and our problems under her protection.

In accordance with the wishes of the Holy Father, let us pray unceasingly with the Vicar of Christ and with the whole Church that the Blessed Mother of God will intercede for this world of war, and most particularly for our beloved America. Let us call her by the sweetest names that human tongue can utter. Let us call her Mother, our Mother, and Mother of the Prince of Peace.

Who could better understand our desire for peace than she who, after the tumult of this world – nay, in the very midst of this world – possessed the peace that only God can bestow?

Mother of Peace, Queen of Peace,
Harken and incline thine ear
To us who are in exile here;
Protect our homes, our loved ones bless;
Pray that we live in holiness;
That Christ may reign, that wars may cease,
Pray for us, Mother, Queen of Peace!

And while we pray for peace, let us also shoulder our responsibility. Let us not be among those who stand aside to let others bear the burdens, let us not be among them whom the indifference of this modern paganism has affected so that the satisfaction of their own whims is their only objective. That is not the part of Americans nor Catholics. On the contrary, the outstanding mark of a truly great character is fundamental energy of will.

Classmates: A holy man once said: "Give me ten men who are saints and I will convert the world." Down through the ages, Christ, the Prince of Peace, has been calling saintly youths to enroll their talents beneath His standard, to be among the saints in whatever walk of life they find themselves. Many have answered that call in the priesthood, in religious life, or in the Catholic Action of the laity. Shall we, graduates of a Catholic high school, refuse at this crisis of our country to answer the call to sanctity which alone can aid America?

Let such a thought be far from us!

On the contrary, behold us here, Oh Blessed Mother of God, the Class of 1941. With all the sincerity of our hearts we place in your hands the consecration that we now make to the cause of Christ. Grant that we may aid our beloved land to contribute lasting security to world peace; grant that our land itself may have true peace and, as we write our history in the Book of Life, oh remember us, Mary, and pray for us, Mother, Queen of Peace!

Paul O'Neil

Salutatory

Respect for Authority

Reverend Fathers, Sisters, beloved parents, and friends:

It is with great pleasure that I welcome you in the name of the Class of 1941 to our Commencement Exercises. We know that you feel the solemnity of this meeting, not perhaps, in the same manner as we, yet in degree just as intensely. Both you and we look forward into the future: you with wisdom's experience have not a little trepidation on our behalf; we with courageous hope have a sincerely great desire to prove ourselves worthy of you and of our Catholic training.

Today's problems are legion. Vices of every kind are rife. Why, we question, is our age in such a turmoil? Is there an explanation? There is. To find it we must turn back the pages of history to the sixteenth century.

Until that time, the Catholic Church had spread over Europe the benign influence of her Christ-like spirit. Every nation had yielded to her gentle persuasion; each race had its priests, its saints, its martyrs. Schools had sprung up, and hospitals, as well as other charitable institutions, to minister to man as the brother of Christ. Savagery and cruelty by degrees had been replaced by gentleness and love in the hearts of those who heard the teaching of Christ's holy Church, and who had bowed intellect and will to her kindly power. Gradually, the love of Christ was gaining the world; slowly, slowly, the beauty of Christ's doctrine was captivating men.

Then one proud man in his jealous wrath persuaded a group of followers to break away from the Church. To lend apparent sanction to their attitude, the group protested that their reason for the action, was the need for reformation in the Catholic Church. People who did not make a practice of reasoning closely and logically, failed to make the distinction between the divinely infallible Church and its very human and often erring members. The misguided people did not realize that it was not the Church, but certain individuals within its fold who needed reform. On the other hand, those whose perspicuity showed them plainly the flaw of reasoning in the Luthern excuse, saw a plausible loophole for following their own weak or evil inclinations. Thus broke upon the Church and the world, the so-called Reformation. We have not time to go into great detail concerning the awakening events that followed closely upon the break from the Church; but it is a matter of history that the instigator of the Reformation acknowledged that his plan was a failure, spiritual and temporal. Let us see just what that plan involved.

One of the main tenets of the Reformation was this: There is no supreme authority except the reason of man. Institutions are to be condemned, if they attempt to exert control over an individual. Let man do as he thinks best. Let him accept and interpret God's revealed Word as best suits his whim. It will not make much difference, provided he believes that there is a God. Thus the so-called Reformation went on.

"This wholesale apostacy from the Catholic Church in the sixteenth century was followed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by wholesale apostacy from Christianity itself." From shortly before 1646 when Lord Herbert in

England constructed a system of "natural religion", now called Rationalism, a long line of men have borne witness against authority: Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Kant, Freud are some of the names. Emperors and kings attempted to subjugate the Church, and when they failed, retaliated by exiling her members from their homes and countries.

In the light of history, then, it is not difficult for us to see why we have the present day condition of disrespect for authority. It is a truism that man needs a cerain amount of authority, both to check his unreasonable impulses and to assure himself of safety in matters of belief. If left to himself, man will rebel against his better judgment; he will become selfish and cruel. When the fear of responsibility to a Supreme Being is withdrawn from him, man's lower nature assumes command and marches swiftly toward animalism. Where, then, are justice and charity? Where then is mutual assistance? The brute law of "everyone for himself" is the only law.

Exactly this has happened in the world of the twentieth century. The growth of materialism has been rapid. Loss of respect for any authority has become the order of the day. Countries are not safe from pillaging armies; personal property is snatched needlessly and thoughtlessly from the hands of its possessors. On every side, yes, even here in our city of Boston, we see the marks of vandalism. Homes, those sacred shrines of privacy, are shamelessly robbed or destroyed; other personal property, such as automobiles and real estate, are stolen or rendered useless by wanton destroyers; even one's own person is in danger on some of our own streets – but recently the newspapers have recorded the serious injury or actual murder of individuals for the sake of a few cents.

Neither must we forget that other type of vandalism that is not wholly material – we may call it moral vandalism – which seeks to destroy the sense of right and wrong in our people. Despite the efforts of the Legion of Decency and its loyal supporters, foul and suggestive magazines, than which no poison could be more deadly, are sold to our adults and even to our children, and sold openly and brazenly upon our newstands and in our stores. Then, there are the movies that are so insidiously injurious that people at times hardly realize the harm that is being done. The smallest children are being taught that gangsterism is thrilling, that the smooth gangster who can escape detection is a hero. And, worse still, adolescents have before their eyes scenes that, more or less openly, are mere exhibitions of uncontrolled passion. When we consider the number of times that an ordinary school child attends the moving pictures during a week, a month, or a year, we begin to realize how dangerous a thing it is for his mind to be constantly filled with such unhealthful ideas. When we seen him coming from the pictures and actually putting into practice what he has just seen, we realize still more his peril of soul and body. But the saddest part of our realization comes when we try to show him that such things are wrong and should be avoided. His answer should make our blood run cold:

"My parents know that I go, and what's so wrong about the things I see? They're actual life, they're done by others, and those others get along – why can't I?"

Vandalism is a serious public menace; it has grown of late years. Our land cannot possibly remain the land of the free, if we are to be obsessed

continually by the fear of personal injury of any type. We must do something about it, and that with no little haste and determination. What shall we do?

We are praying for peace. We are hoping that our loved country will not enter the Second World War. But we do realize that as great a peril is within our confines as is threatened from without? We shall never have peace without order – there is no peace in heart-chilling chaos – and there can be no order without authority that is duly recognized and respected.

Let us consider the root of the evil. We have seen that the loss of respect for authority began with the disregard of the law of God from Whose supreme authority comes all lawful control. If men do not respect God's direct law, the Ten Commandments, why should they respect His authority delegated in temporal rulers?

Let us understand clearly that men will not respect authority no matter what methods are used to force that respect, until man returns to God and acknowledges His right to honor and obedience. There is no way of side-stepping this conclusion. All other ways have been attempted and have failed and are failing – miserably.

We are praying for peace. We shall have no peace that is secure until we have the necessary prerequisite of peace, respect for authority – first for God's authority, and second, for that of all lawful rulers. As faithful Catholics we have but one choice; namely, to give God all the obedience due to Him and to His laws. As graduates of a Catholic high school, we have a solemn obligation not only to acknowledge the superiority of God, but also to give public example of our conviction. And as citizens of the United States of America, we have the bounden duty to honor God, our neighbor, and our country in every way that honor requires.

An effective, complete, and succinct summary of the Catholic, the logical attitude in this matter is to be found in the Pope's Five Point Peace Plan. You will notice that the whole plan is but the application to present conditions of the two greatest commandments of God: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, with all thy strength, and with all thy mind" – obedience to law is the test of your love; and "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" – justice to him, recognition of his human rights in all matters is the proof of your love of neighbor. Whether he be a private individual or a nation, smaller than or hostile to yours, makes no difference; the Law of God stands unchanged.

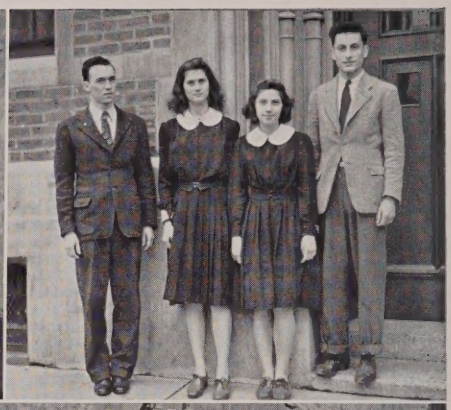
God Himself has given these laws; but if, in spite of His command, we do not obey, what then? Then the misery of war, the horror of internal dissension, of incendiarism and theft and gangster – vandalism in its most horrible forms, suitable punishment, self-inflicted, for a people indifferent to God.

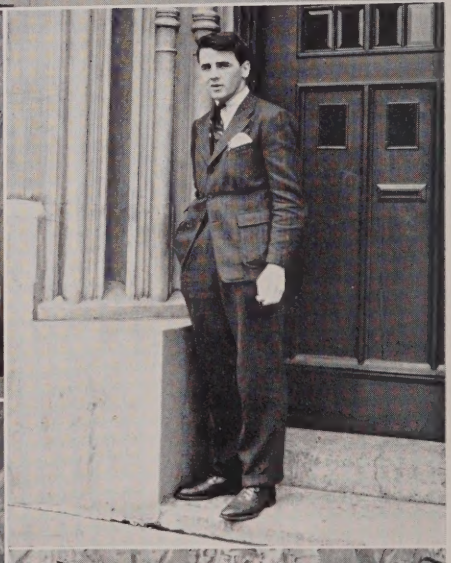
We shall do our part that such things may not come to pass, but that the world may turn back to God. If we can do no more, at least we of the Class of 1941 shall respect and observe the laws of God and those truly liberating laws of our beloved America.

America! So
. . . beautiful for patriot dreams
That see beyond the years;
Her alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!

America! America!
God mend thine every flaw!
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in Law!

Thomas Donovan





DRAMATICS
DEBATING
ORCHESTRA
MISSIONS

ACTIVITIES

CATHEDRAL
HIGH

Orchestra

As in former years, Cathedral High has been represented in its musical career during 1941. Various classes are represented in our orchestra: Florence Farrell, is aided by her protegé, Elizabeth FitzGerald. The Senior Class is further represented by Loretta Perfetti and Elvira Palmieri, while in the other classes we have faithful members in Joseph Germain, Richard Villiard, James Cavanaugh, and John Sullivan.

We express our heartiest thanks to those Alumni who returned to aid us. They are John Doherty '39, Eileen Burke '39, Helen Cronin '37, and Elizabeth Mahoney '40. Through the coming years we shall always remember the orchestra as being one of the many assets of Cathedral High and hope that the latter will never lack the opportunity of displaying its musical talents.

Elvira Abundo, '41

Boys' Debating Team

In the line-up of this season's debating group we have most creditably teamed on the Affirmative Side, Donald Cove '41, Eugene Murphy '41, Ferdinand Lambert '42, and Kenneth Durkee '43. The Negative was fortified by John Segadelli '41, Paul O'Neil '41, James Matroni '42, and James May '41. We extend our heartiest and warmest congratulations to this group who so enthusiastically and so well debated for the honor of Cathedral. We are sure that in years to come, several of those who were on this team will find places on the platform and continue to be noteworthy as Catholic public men.

Catherine Mahoney, '41

Girls' Debating Team

The Girls' Debating Team of '41 reached second place in the Diocesan League, thanks to the expert guidance of Father Costello. Helen Powell, Catherine Mahoney, Josephine Handy, and Eileen McCowan are the representatives of the Senior Class. Some of the more promising of the underclassmen, who took part in the debates, were Patricia Mulrean, Elizabeth Doyle, Dorothy McEnrue, and Mary Wong.

The subject of this season was "Resolved: That the Several States Should Take Steps to Insure the Accuracy and Fairness of All Newspaper Reports." The work was very commendable.

Grateful participants extend sincere thanks to Father Costello who gave so much of his time to bring about the success achieved.

Fernanda Guidetti, '41

Cathedral and the Missions

"Lead us to Jesus for we are astray!" is the unceasing cry of many poor unfortunate souls in the pagan countries of the world today. Last fall we had the great pleasure of having Bishop Cushing, a true lover of the missions, speak in our classrooms about the zealous and wonderful work of the missions. The stories he told were sad and the labors hard, but the harvest gathered is great.

The Bishop's inspiring words encouraged us of the Cathedral to do our part, small though it is. The Senior Class collected money for Holy Childhood; the Juniors ransomed pagan babies and sent money and medals to Father Maurice's negro missions in the South; the Sophomores mounted medals, and made altar linens; the Freshmen ransomed abandoned infants. But our crowning joy came at the beginning of this year when we received notice from Bishop Cushing that John Hong, the Korean priest whom our Cathedral High School students educated, was ordained and goes each day to the altar of God. We who had even a small share in this great work feel that an ineffable blessing has entered our lives, for now we are working by his consecrated hands on the frontiers of Catholicism.

Teresa Sprague, '41

Oratory

Our representatives in the Girls' Diocesan Oratorical Contest and the American Legion Oratorical Contest, Josephine Handy and Ferdinand Lambert, brought considerable glory to Cathedral High this year.

Josephine Handy, whose topic was "The Glories of Mary in Boston", finished in a tie with the Mission High representative in the initial contest. She deserves great praise both for her excellent poise and for the beautiful way in which she presented to Our Blessed Lady the tribute of the hearts of Boston's Catholics. "The Mystic Rose burst through the hard crust of prejudice."

Ferdinand Lambert, winner of the school competition for the Legion Contest, finished commendably in the initial try-out.

Teresa Sprague, '41

Dramatics

"Ah, 'tis the night when the blue moon shines,
The night of impossible things,
The once in a while that the moon lady pines
And causes all sorts of strangs things.
Beware what happens let nothing dismay
Should things not go right do not despair
For it surely will happen before your own eyes
Maybe here, maybe there, somewhere.
Blue moon, Love moon, shining overhead,
Blue Moon, True Moon, on us your lovelight shed.
Starlight gleaming
Hearts beat with joy divine,
Singing their message that tells me love is mine."

Slowly the theme of a lingering melody fades away and leaves us a fleeting memory. In this operetta, *Once in a Blue Moon,* "impossible things" did happen. James May as Bob Harrington performs a dual role, and what a mix-up he discovers he is in when he substitutes for George Taylor at the house of his so-called aunt, Mrs. Montgomery. The aunt was Josephine Handy. Eleanor Murray, cast as Sylvia Montogmery, certainly did captivate the heart of Mr. George Taylor, alias Bob Harrington. The role of Monsieur René Le Mon, a visiting house-guest, at the home of Mrs. Montgomery, was played by Paul O'Neil who certainly has mastered the technique of the French language à la American. James Travers as Mr. Norton and John Moran as Percival Chetwood are also guests and if you don't know about certain happenings taking place in this cast, we feel sure Mr. Moran can inform you. Of course, we all agree that Mr. Travers' home town was indeed a place to be visited. Helen Powell in the rôle of Suzanne, the maid, likewise shares honors with Mr. O'Neil in the French art, but there is one thing wrong. She captures the wrong man. Arthur Boyle, as the detective, truly came back to find something when he found Miss Powell. Catherine Mahoney as Betty Morton, Donald Cove and William McCormick, as policemen, and a cast of many others lent much in the supporting rôles.

In April the strains of laughter-provoking comedy filled the air when the school presented that beloved Gilbert & Sullivan operetta, *"The Mikado"*. The seniors made a generous portion of the cast. Helen Powell was the lovely Yum-Yum, with Paul O'Neil as Prince Nanky-Poo playing opposite. James Travers appeared as the haughty Pooh-Bah, Donald Cove as Pish-Tush and John Segadelli as the great Mikado himself. Eleanor Smith, and Doris Lowe with Helen Powell, played very nicely as the "Three Little Maids, from School," while Anne Conroy and James Motroni did a wonderful piece of acting as Katisha and Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner, respectively. Thomas Donovan, Teresa Sprague, Mary Chamberland, Mary Raftery, Esther Martin, in the choruses, with members of the other classes, supported the main characters. Every one entered into the spirit of the play and spent a thoroughly delightful two hours.

Doris Lowe, '41

ATHLETICS

6
3
12
4
17
9
7
14
CATHEDRAL HIGH

Football

Cathedral opened its 1940 season with a well earned victory over Central Catholic of Lawrence. The following week we lost a bitterly contested game to Coyle. These early season games resulted in numerous injuries to the more important members of the team, Captain Bill Nagle, Arthur Boyle, Leo Willett and Ferdinand Lambert. Other members of the team were Emil Strug '41, Thomas Donovan '41, Eugene Murphy '41, John Divine '41, Richard Morrissey '41, George Hartigan '41, Donald Cove '41, William McCormick '41, Joseph Foley '42, Joseph Rando '42, William O'Brien '42, Robert Garrett '42, Michael Faherty '42, Thomas Higginbottom '42, Joseph Rogers '43, and Philip Coyle '44.

John Moran, '41

Baseball

This looked like another big year on the baseball field for Cathedral with many returning veterans, Leo Willett, and Don Cove as co-captains, Frenchie Lambert, Hedgie Manley Art Boyle, Emil Strug, John Moran, John Segadelli, Mike Faherty, James Travers, and Charles Miller. With two such sterling athletes as co-captains how can Cathedral look forward to anything but a successful season? Don Cove was the hard hitting right fielder of '40. Leo Willett was also hitting the ball for 300, and played a great game in the field. Under the capable direction of Coach John McCarthy, Cathedral will go far in the league this year.

Arthur Boyle, '41

Cheer Leaders

The cheerleaders elected this year were Mary Canzano, '42, Catherine Mahoney '41, Helen Powell '41, Eleanor Murray '41, and John Moran '41.

John Moran, '41

Basketball

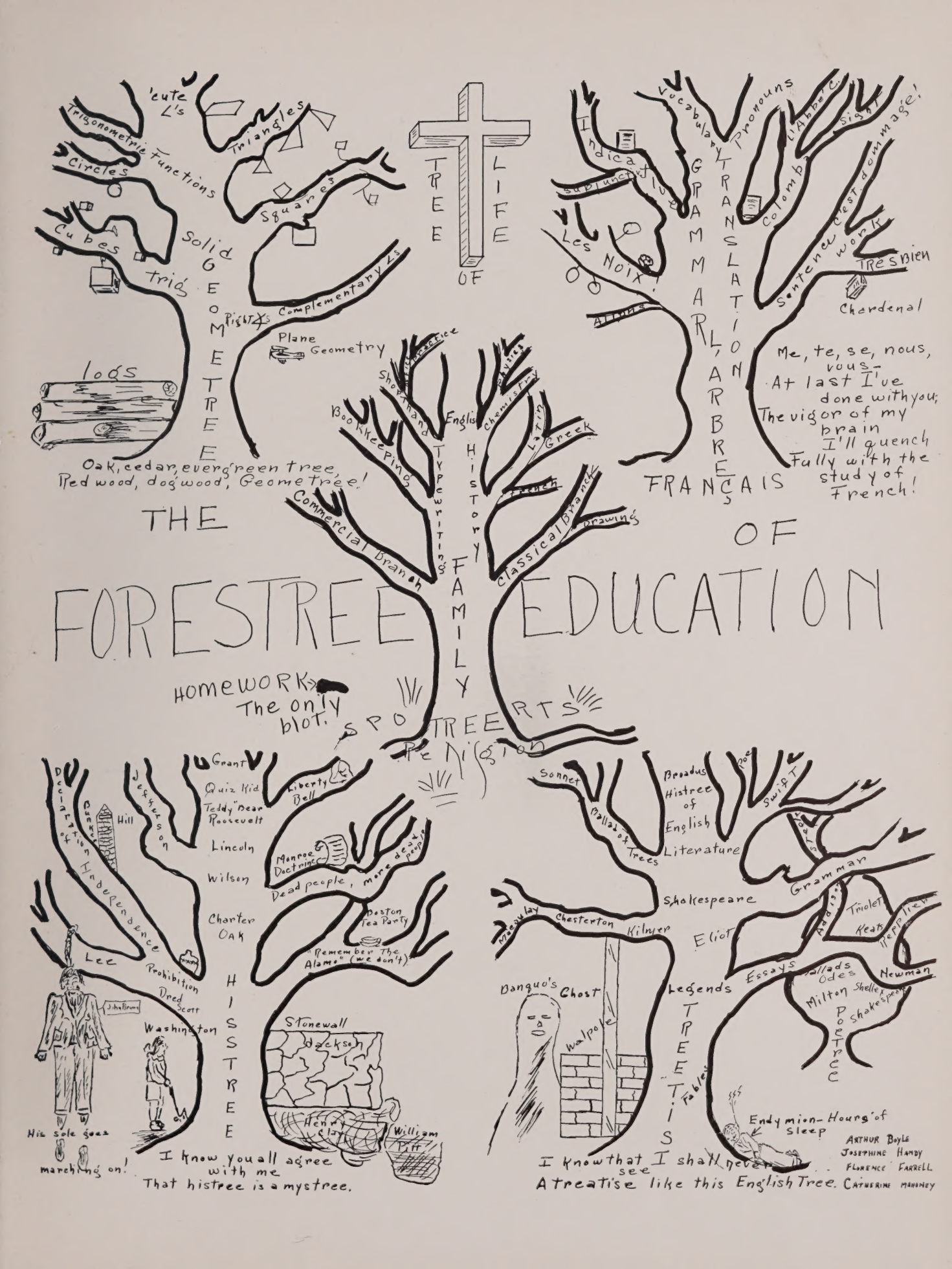
1941 – After losing four men from last year's championship team, the boys find only one opponent too strong for them, St. Mary of Lynn. Members of the team are Captain Hedgie (Lady) Manley, Frenchie (Mad) Lambert, Leo (Student) Willett, Arthur (Cow) Boyle, John (the Greek) Segadelli, and Emil (Kid) Strug, under the guidance of Mr. Walter (the Champ) Costello, Mr. John McCarthy, and Mr. Roger Walsh.

Taken all in all, our team gave us a brilliant season, enjoyable and exciting with always a touch of the unexpected.

The team took second place in the league standing. Art Boyle, one of the best guards that a former Mission High coach has ever seen, is headed for All Catholic along with Harold Manley, All Catholic center of last year and captain of the great team.

Good luck to the team in later years.

Leo Willett, '41


TREE OF LIFE
'cute L's
Triangles
Trigonometric Functions
Circles
Squares
Cubes
trigs
Solid Geometry
Complementary Ls
Right Ls
Plane Geometry
logs
Oak, cedar, evergreen tree,
Redwood, dogwood, Geometree!
THE FORESTREE
Indicative
Subjunctive
Les Noix
Vocabulary
GRAMMAR, L'ARBRE
TRANSLATION
Pronouns
Colombe
L'Abbe C.
Sight
Sentence Construction
Tres bien
Cherdenal
Me, te, se, nous, vous-
At last I've done with you;
The vigor of my brain
I'll quench
Fully with the study of French!
FRANÇAIS
OF
EDUCATION
Shorthand
Typewriting
Bookkeeping
English
Physics
Chemistry
Latin
Greek
French
Drawing
Commercial Branch
HISTORY FAMILY TREE
Classical Branch
HOMEWORK→
The only blot.
SPORTS
Religion
Grant
Quiz Kid
Teddy "Bear" Roosevelt
Liberty Bell
Jefferson
Declaration of Independence
Hill
Lincoln
Wilson
Monroe Doctrine
Dead people, more dead people
Charter Oak
Boston Tea Party
"Remember The Alamo" (we don't)
Lee
Prohibition
Dred Scott
John Brown
Washington
Stonewall
Jackson
Henry Clay
William Tell
His sole goes marching on!
I know you all agree with me
That histree is a mystree.
HISSTREE
Sonnet
Ballad of Trees
Broadus Histree of English Literature
Poe
Swift
Shakespeare
Macaulay
Chesterton
Kilmer
Eliot
Grammar
Trioleti
Heat
Essays
Ballads
Odes
Milton
Shelley
Shakespeare
Newman
Banquo's Ghost
Walpole
Legends
Fables
TREE TIS
Endymion-Hours of sleep
I know that I shall never see
A treatise like this English Tree.
ARTHUR BOYLE
JOSEPHINE HANDY
FLORENCE FARRELL
CATHERINE MAHANEY

Epilogue

The first few chapters of our book have been written in golden letters . . . what of the chapters yet to be? We sit at the writing desk of each new day . . . to pen the true account. . . . We have before us not only the ink of ordinary life, but the silver and gold of the fuller knowledge that a Catholic education has given us . . . uplifting Catholic guidance, example, and instruction . . . as a background for the writing of our detailed exposition of the journey of life; we have before our eyes the one, final, perfect goal – Jesus in all His beauty. . . . But complete achievement is in the distance. . . . and it is a long, hard, tiring task for our recently trained hands to attempt. We must maintain our standard . . . we must uphold the high quality of that Book of the Perfect Life that Christ wrote for us in Nazareth, in Bethany, and upon the Cross . . . we must work with the same zeal, trust and love . . . so that . . , when the volume of our life is finished, . . the last word penned . . . the leaves bound in order and sealed by the hand of death, . . . the assurance may be ours that we may say with eager joy . . . "Take my book of life . . . 'break Thou the seal . . . and read me, God'."

Paul O'Neil, '41

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Miss Elizabeth A. Tanous '36

We wish to extend our sincere gratitude to all who have made possible this edition of our Year Book. Your assistance has shown that you are interested not only in us, but also in the cause of education. We hope that you will receive the same pleasure from this publication as we.

Class of 1941
William McCormick

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